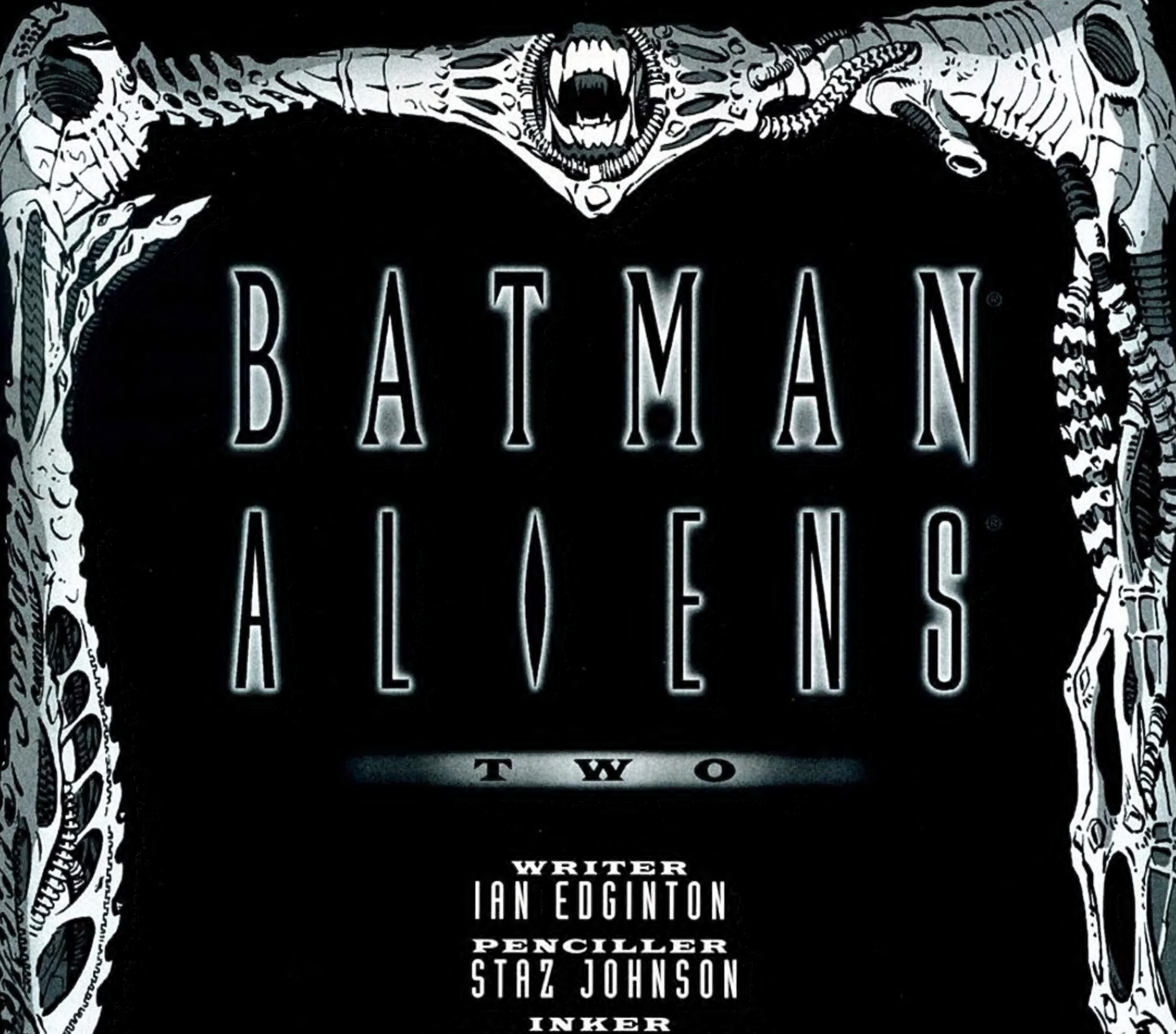
EDGINTON • JOHNSON • HODGKINS WITH WRIGHT

2 OF 3

BATMAN®
TWO
ALIENS®



BATMAN® ALIENS®

TWO

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BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

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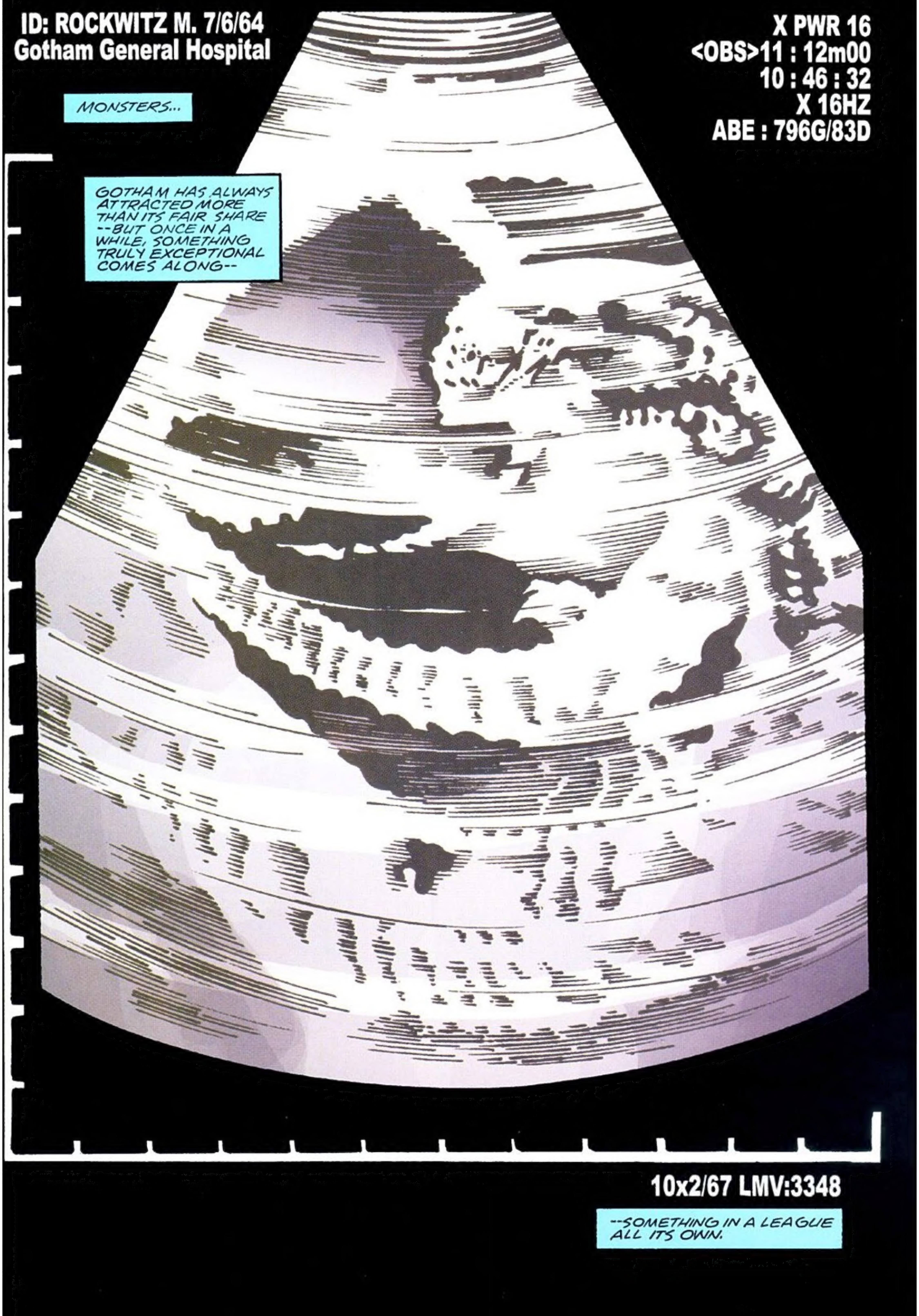
ID: ROCKWITZ M. 7/6/64
Gotham General Hospital
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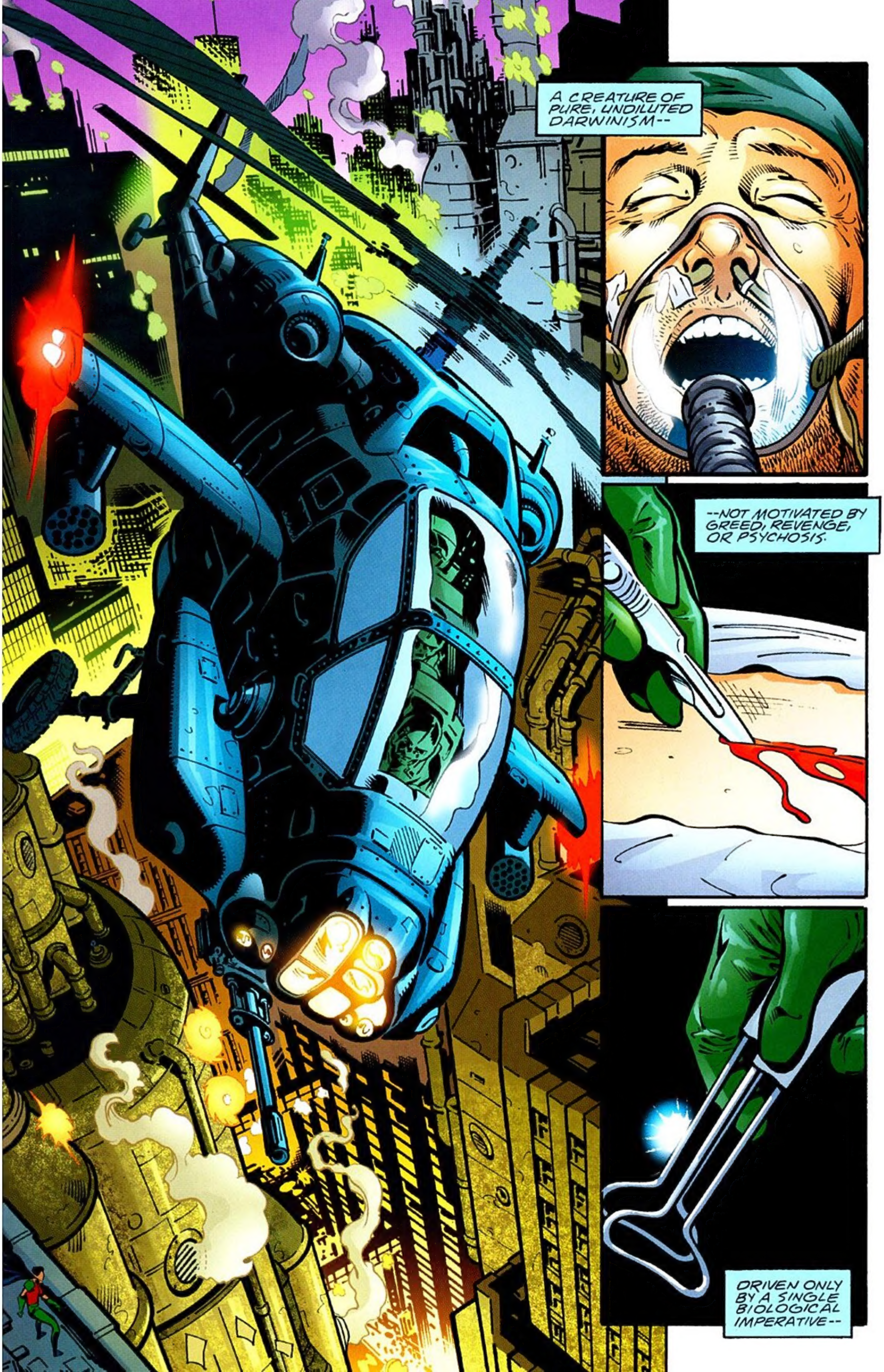
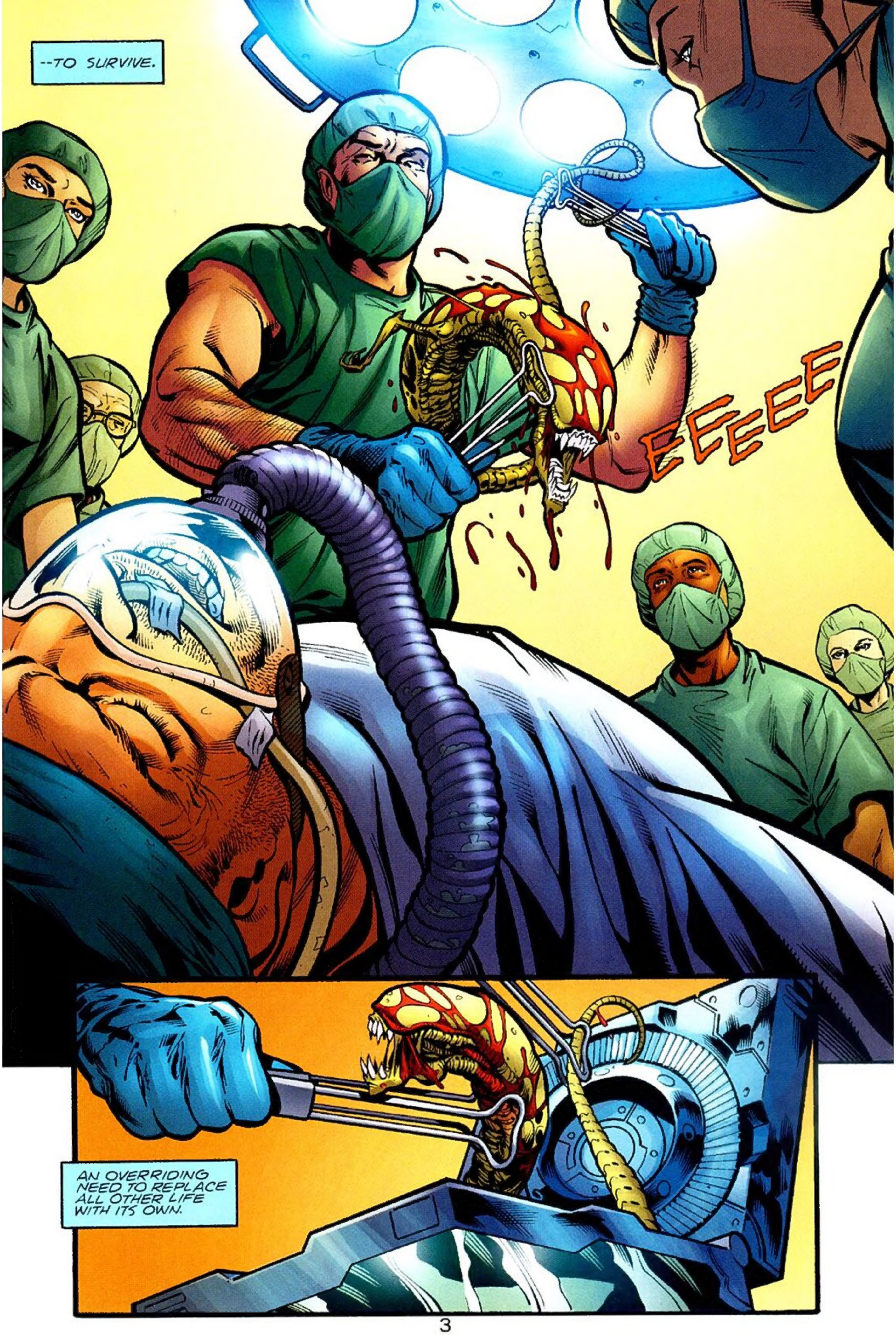
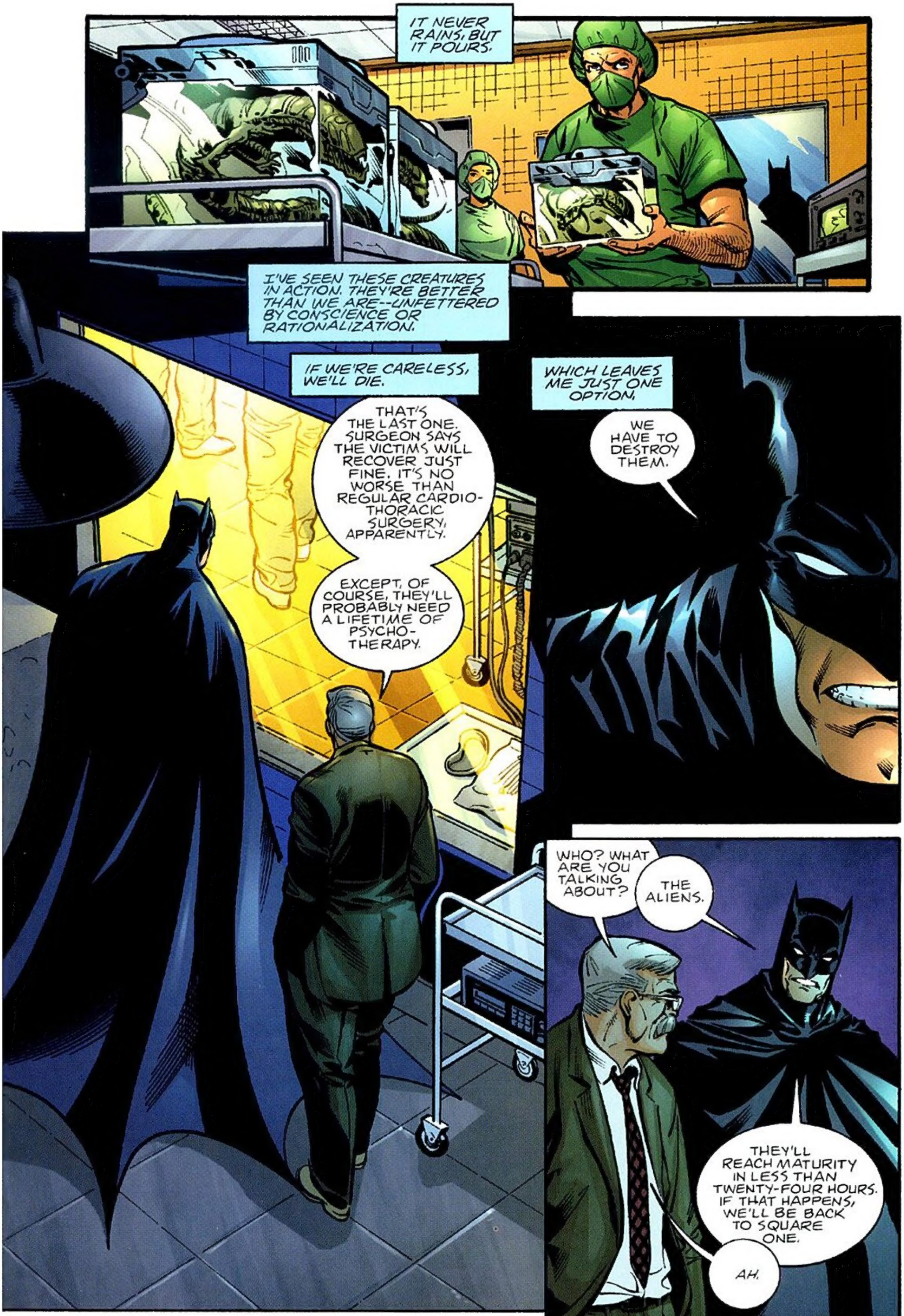
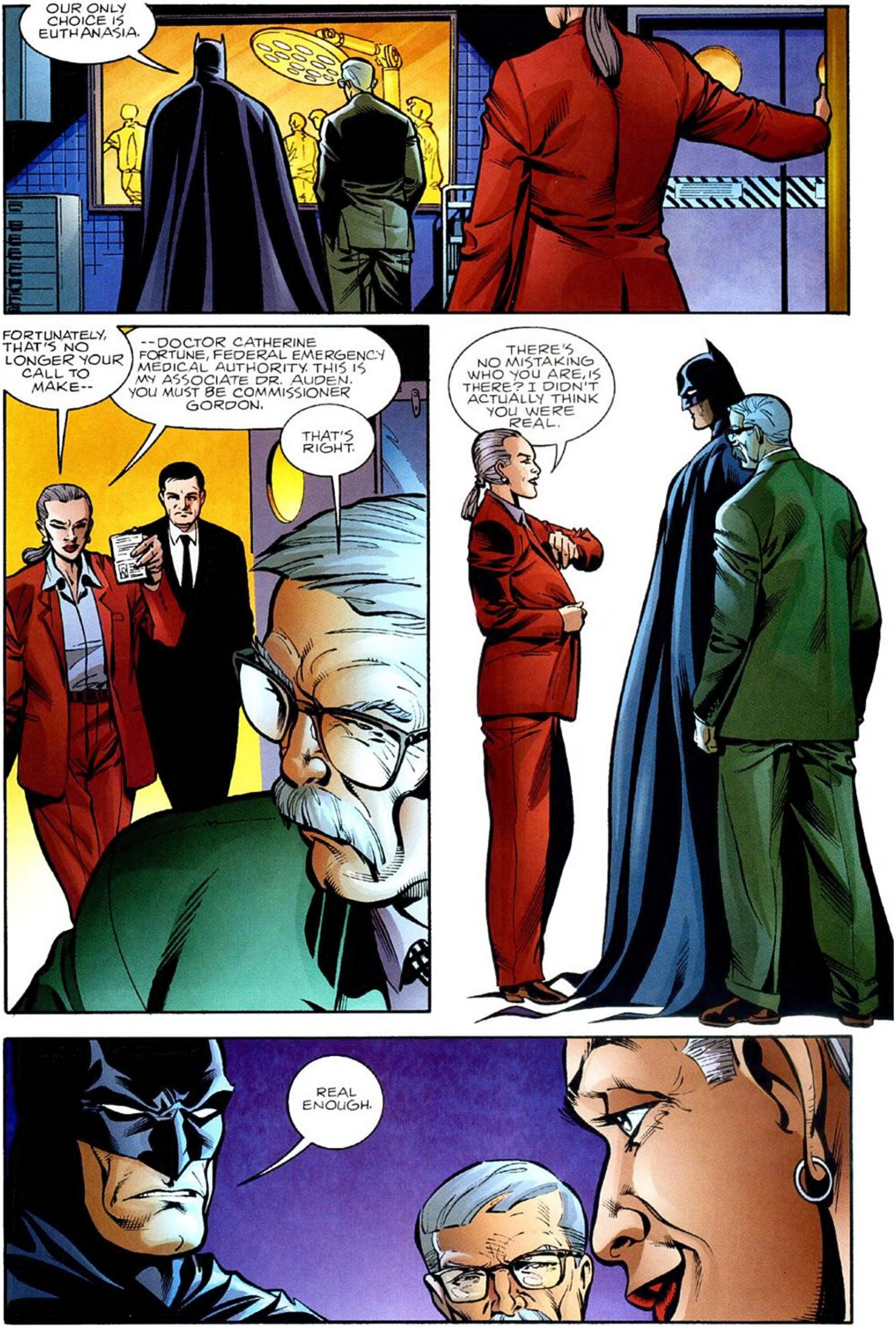
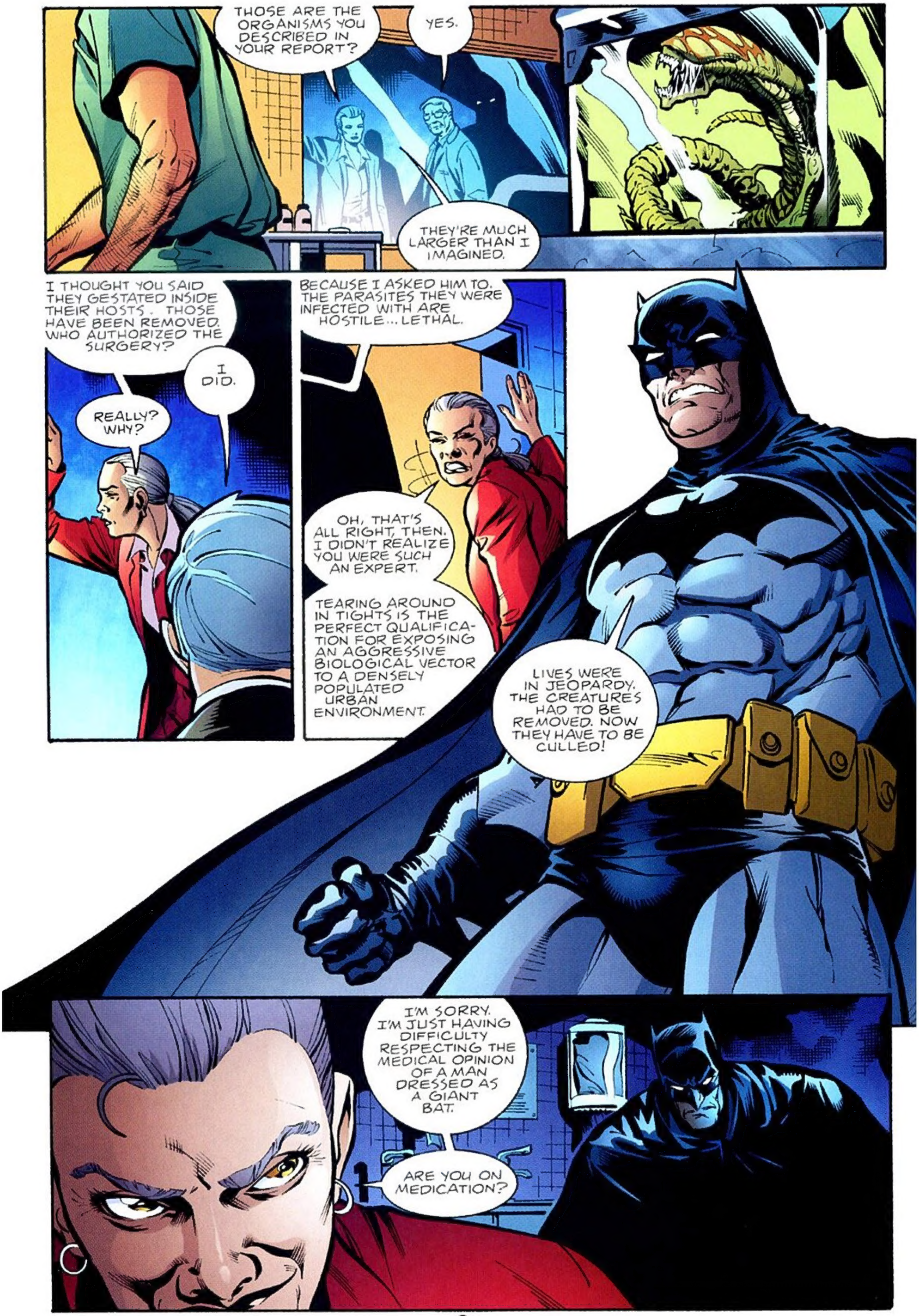
10 : 46 : 32
X 16HZ
ABE : 796G/83D
MONSTERS...
GOTHAM HAS ALWAYS ATTRACTED MORE THAN ITS FAIR SHARE --BUT ONCE IN A WHILE, SOMETHING TRULY EXCEPTIONAL COMES ALONG--
10x2/67 LMV:3348
--SOMETHING IN A LEAGUE ALL ITS OWN.

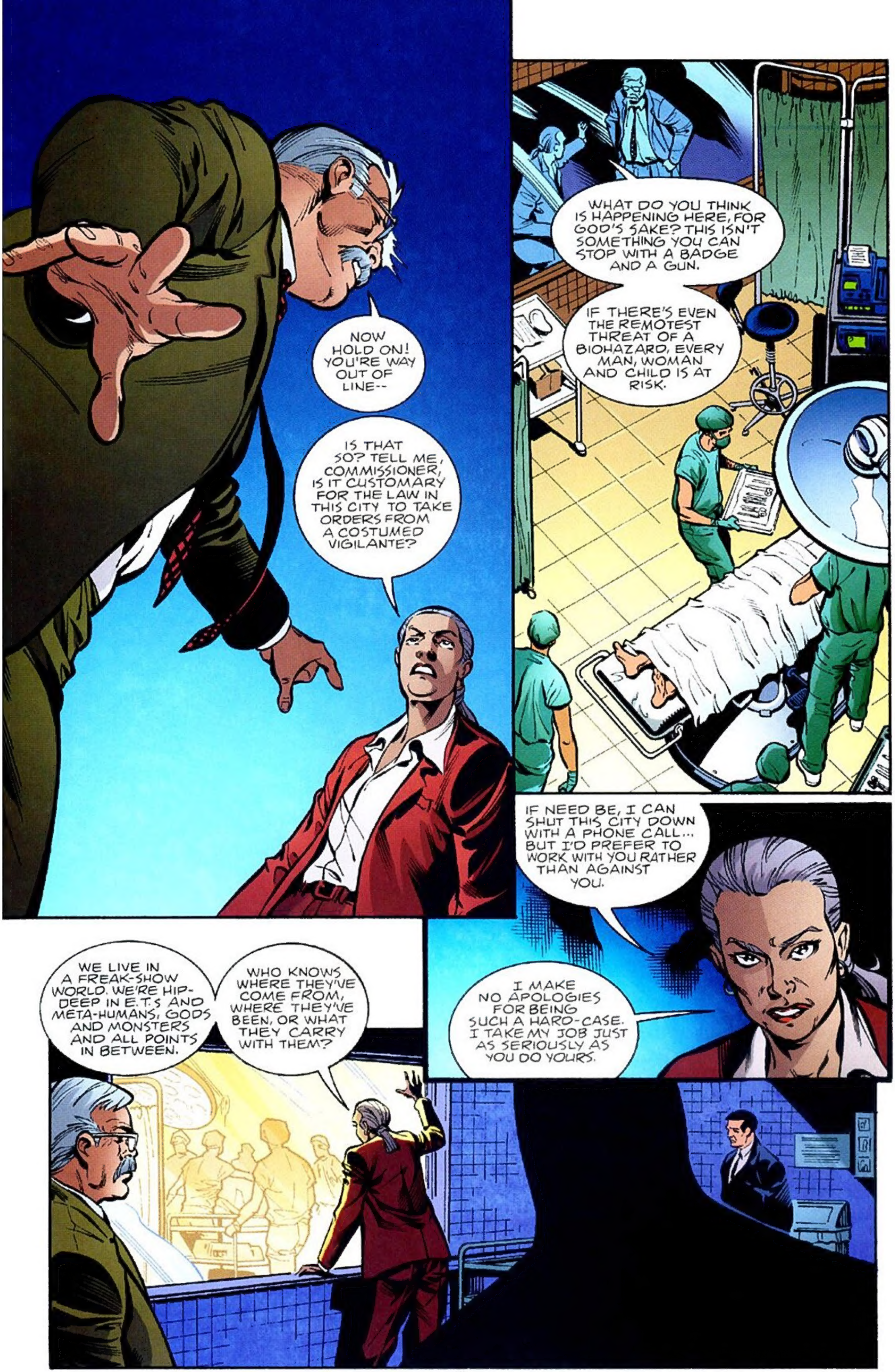

A CREATURE OF PURE, UNDILUTED DARWINISM--
--NOT MOTIVATED BY GREED, REVENGE, OR PSYCHOSIS.
DRIVEN ONLY BY A SINGLE BIOLOGICAL IMPERATIVE--

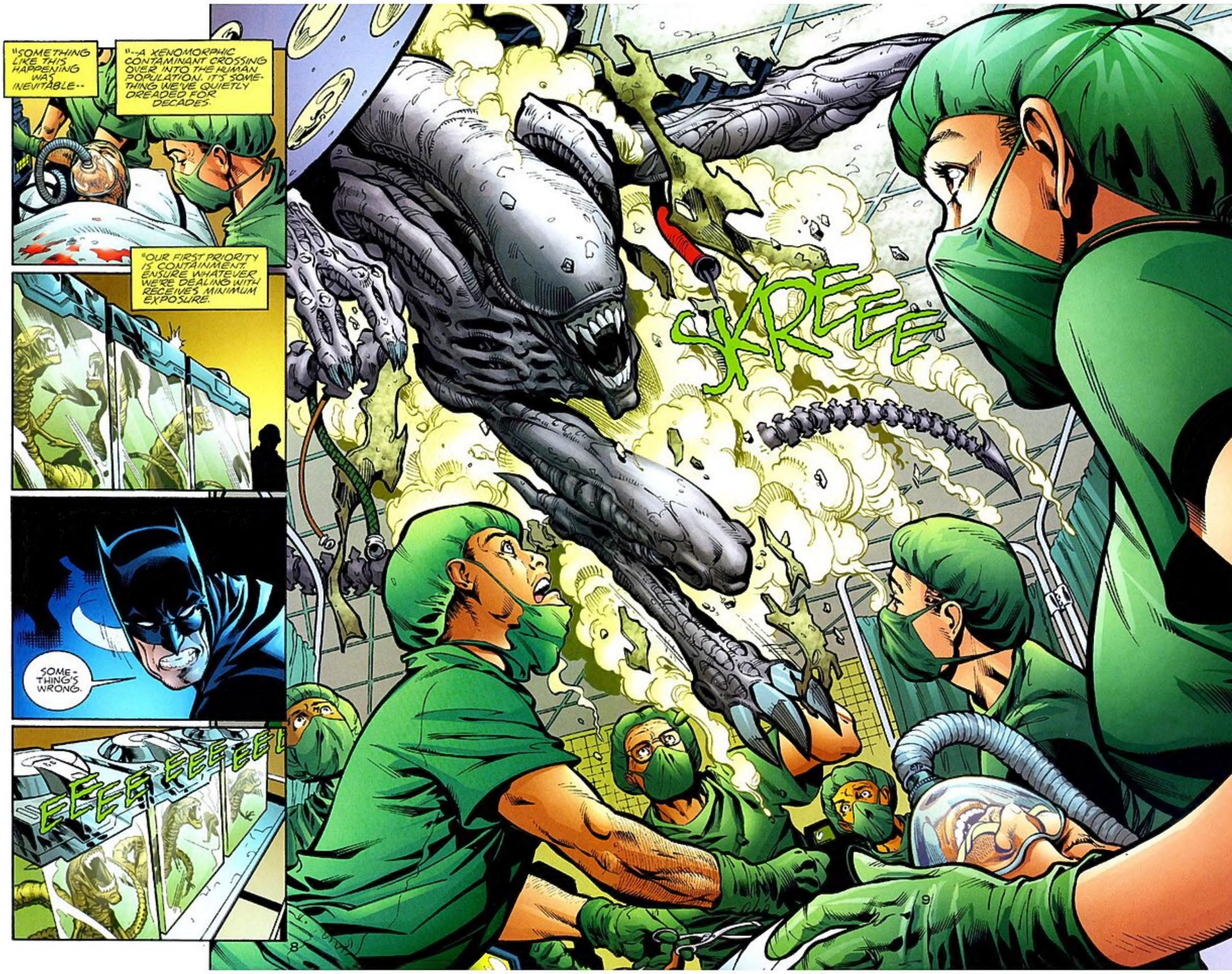

--TO SURVIVE.
EEEEEE
AN OVERRIDING NEED TO REPLACE ALL OTHER LIFE WITH ITS OWN.

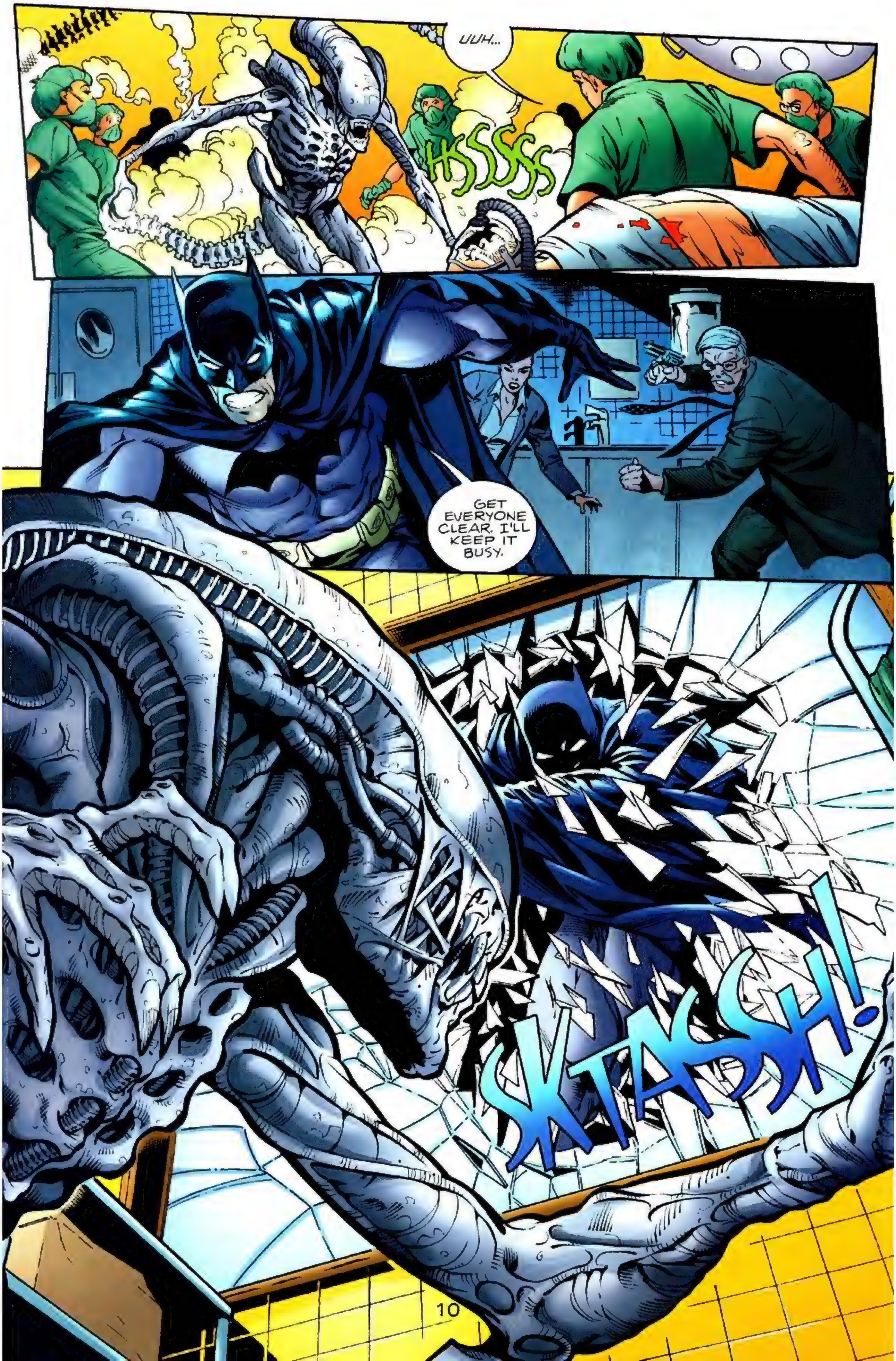

IT NEVER RAINS, BUT IT POURS.
I'VE SEEN THESE CREATURES IN ACTION. THEY'RE BETTER THAN WE ARE--UNFETTERED BY CONSCIENCE OR RATIONALIZATION.
IF WE'RE CARELESS, WE'LL DIE.
THAT'S THE LAST ONE. SURGEON SAYS THE VICTIMS WILL RECOVER JUST FINE. IT'S NO WORSE THAN REGULAR CARDIO-THORACIC SURGERY, APPARENTLY.
EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THEY'LL PROBABLY NEED A LIFETIME OF PSYCHO-THERAPY.
WHICH LEAVES ME JUST ONE OPTION.
WE HAVE TO DESTROY THEM.
WHO? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
THE ALIENS.
THEY'LL REACH MATURITY IN LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. IF THAT HAPPENS, WE'LL BE BACK TO SQUARE ONE.
AH.

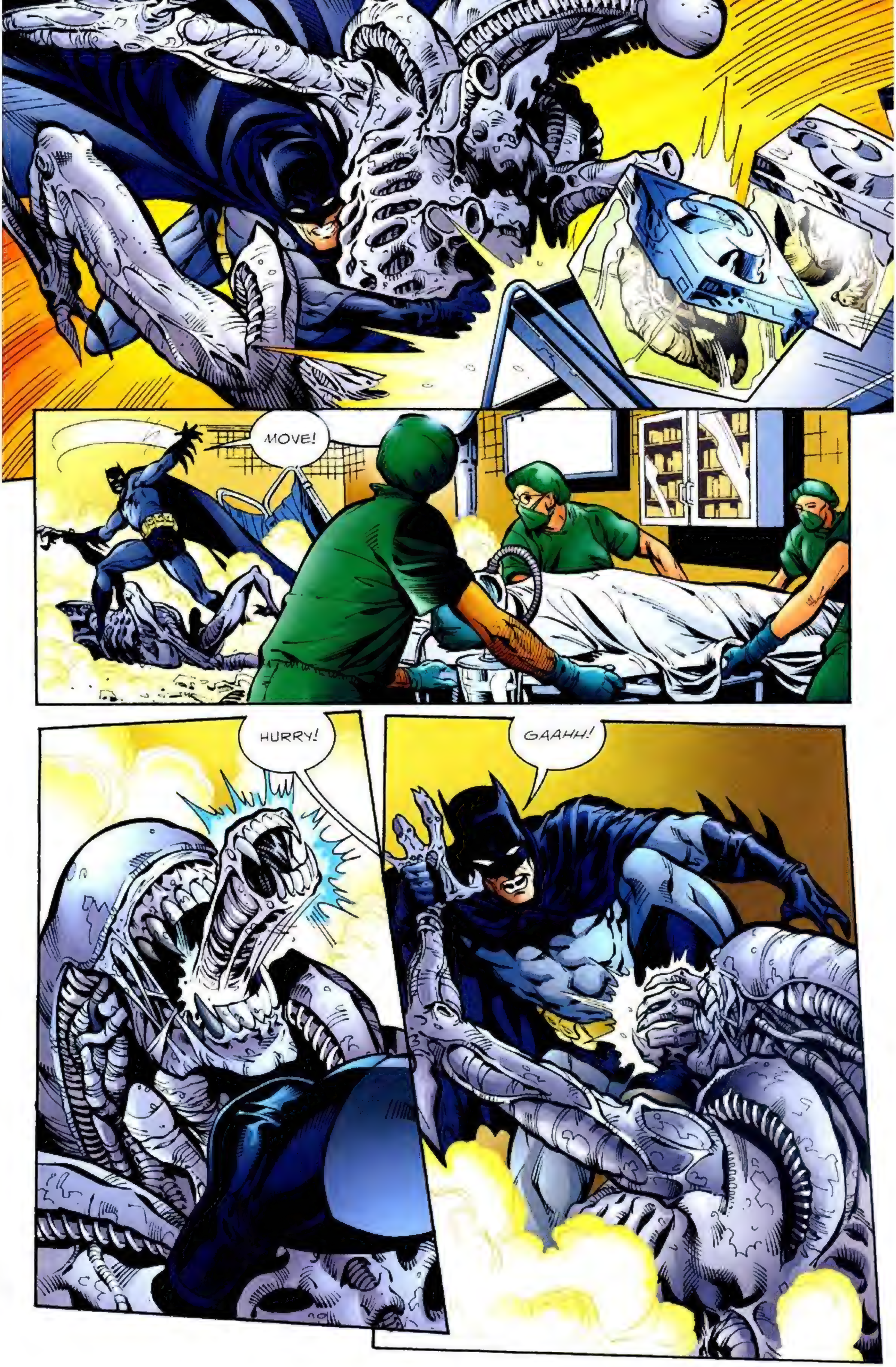

OUR ONLY CHOICE IS EUTHANASIA.
FORTUNATELY, THAT'S NO LONGER YOUR CALL TO MAKE--
--DOCTOR CATHERINE FORTUNE, FEDERAL EMERGENCY MEDICAL AUTHORITY. THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE DR. AUDEN. YOU MUST BE COMMISSIONER GORDON.
THAT'S RIGHT.
THERE'S NO MISTAKING WHO YOU ARE, IS THERE? I DIDN'T ACTUALLY THINK YOU WERE REAL.
REAL ENOUGH.

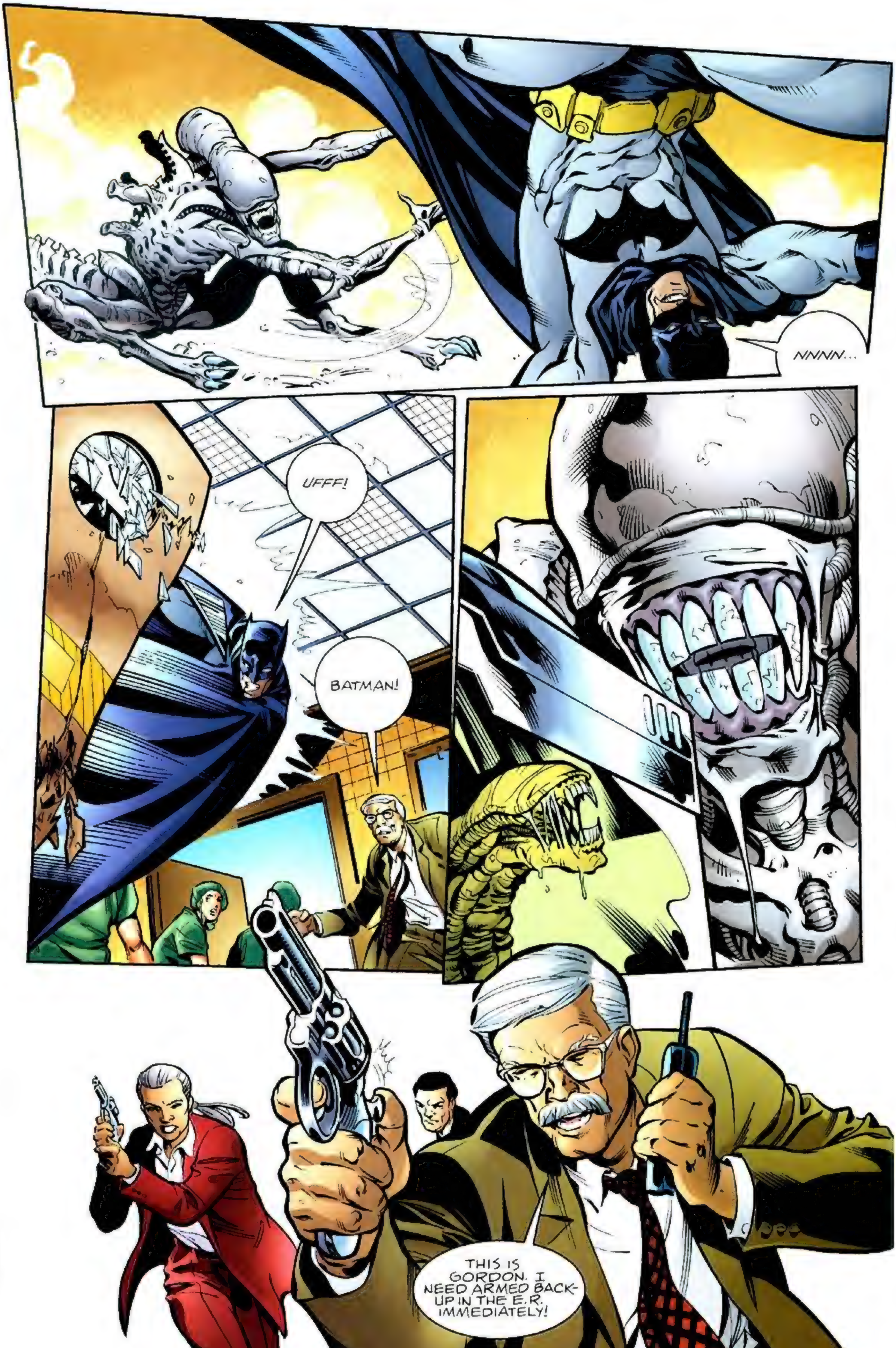

THOSE ARE THE ORGANISMS YOU DESCRIBED IN YOUR REPORT?
YES.
THEY'RE MUCH LARGER THAN I IMAGINED.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY GESTATED INSIDE THEIR HOSTS. THOSE HAVE BEEN REMOVED. WHO AUTHORIZED THE SURGERY?
I DID.
REALLY? WHY?
BECAUSE I ASKED HIM TO. THE PARASITES THEY WERE INFECTED WITH ARE HOSTILE... LETHAL.
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, THEN. I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SUCH AN EXPERT.
TEARING AROUND IN TIGHTS IS THE PERFECT QUALIFICATION FOR EXPOSING AN AGGRESSIVE BIOLOGICAL VECTOR TO A DENSELY POPULATED URBAN ENVIRONMENT.
LIVES WERE IN JEOPARDY. THE CREATURES HAD TO BE REMOVED. NOW THEY HAVE TO BE CULLED!
I'M SORRY. I'M JUST HAVING DIFFICULTY RESPECTING THE MEDICAL OPINION OF A MAN DRESSED AS A GIANT BAT.
ARE YOU ON MEDICATION?

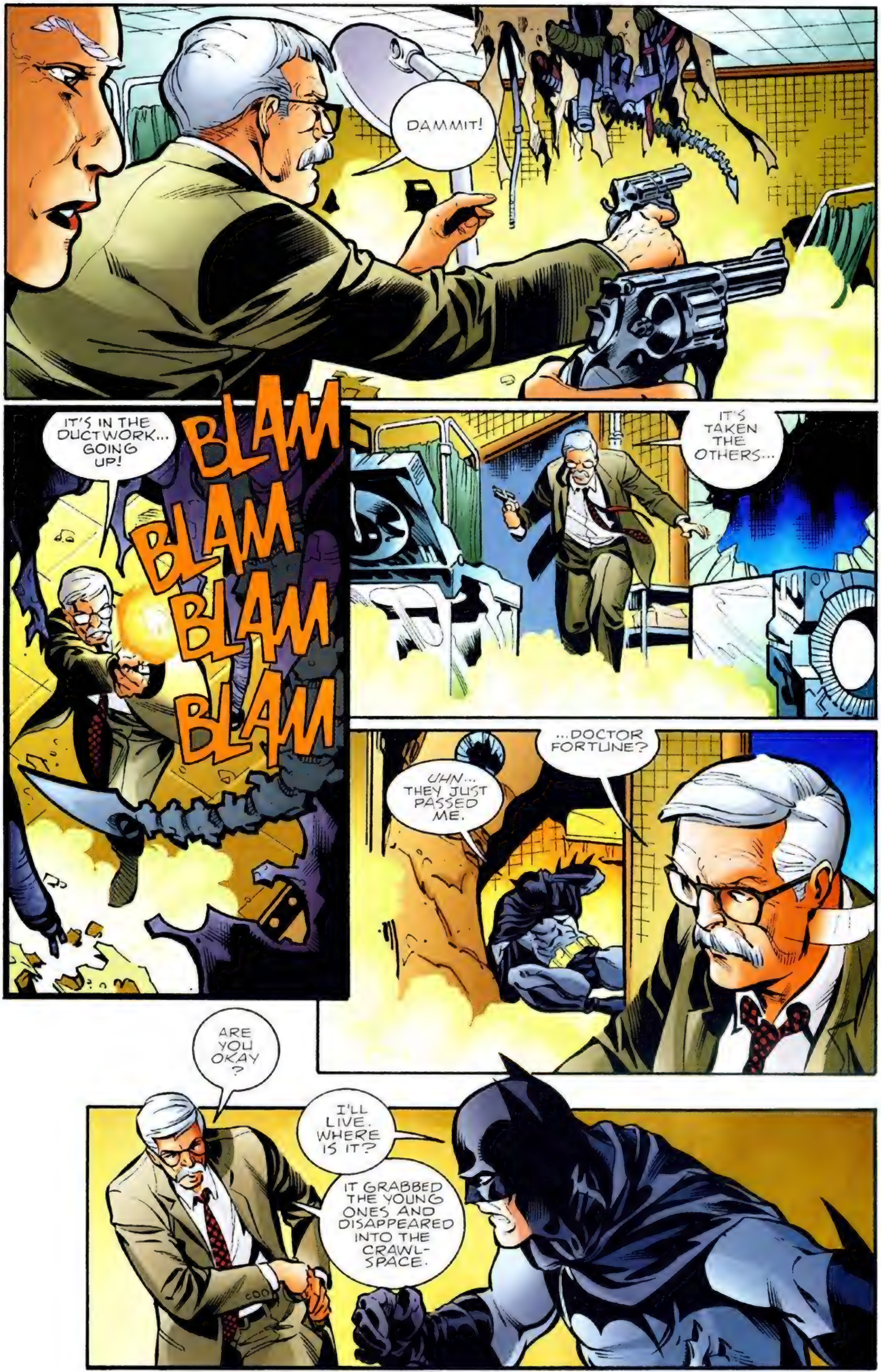

NOW HOLD ON! YOU'RE WAY OUT OF LINE--
IS THAT SO? TELL ME, COMMISSIONER, IS IT CUSTOMARY FOR THE LAW IN THIS CITY TO TAKE ORDERS FROM A COSTUMED VIGILANTE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK IS HAPPENING HERE, FOR GOD'S SAKE? THIS ISN'T SOMETHING YOU CAN STOP WITH A BADGE AND A GUN.
IF THERE'S EVEN THE REMOTEST THREAT OF A BIOHAZARD, EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IS AT RISK.
IF NEED BE, I CAN SHUT THIS CITY DOWN WITH A PHONE CALL... BUT I'D PREFER TO WORK WITH YOU RATHER THAN AGAINST YOU.
I MAKE NO APOLOGIES FOR BEING SUCH A HARD-CASE. I TAKE MY JOB JUST AS SERIOUSLY AS YOU DO YOURS.
WE LIVE IN A FREAK-SHOW WORLD. WE'RE HIP-DEEP IN E.T.s AND META-HUMANS, GODS AND MONSTERS AND ALL POINTS IN BETWEEN.
WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY'VE COME FROM, WHERE THEY'VE BEEN, OR WHAT THEY CARRY WITH THEM?

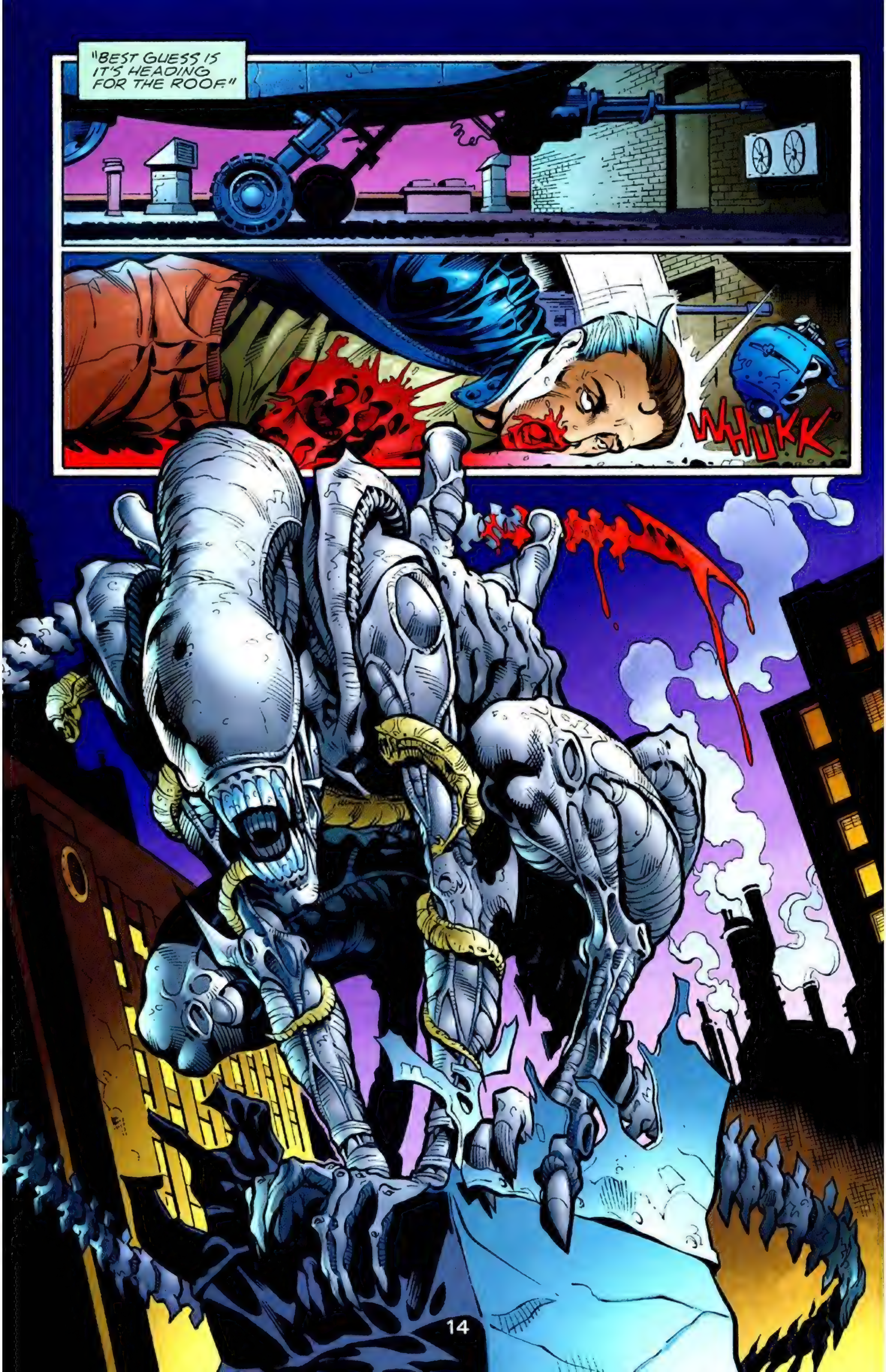

"SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENING WAS INEVITABLE--
"--A XENOMORPHIC CONTAMINANT CROSSING OVER INTO THE HUMAN POPULATION. IT'S SOMETHING WE'VE QUIETLY DREADED FOR DECADES.
"OUR FIRST PRIORITY IS CONTAINMENT. ENSURE WHATEVER WE'RE DEALING WITH RECEIVES MINIMUM EXPOSURE.
SOMETHING'S WRONG.
EEEEEEEEEE
SKREEEE

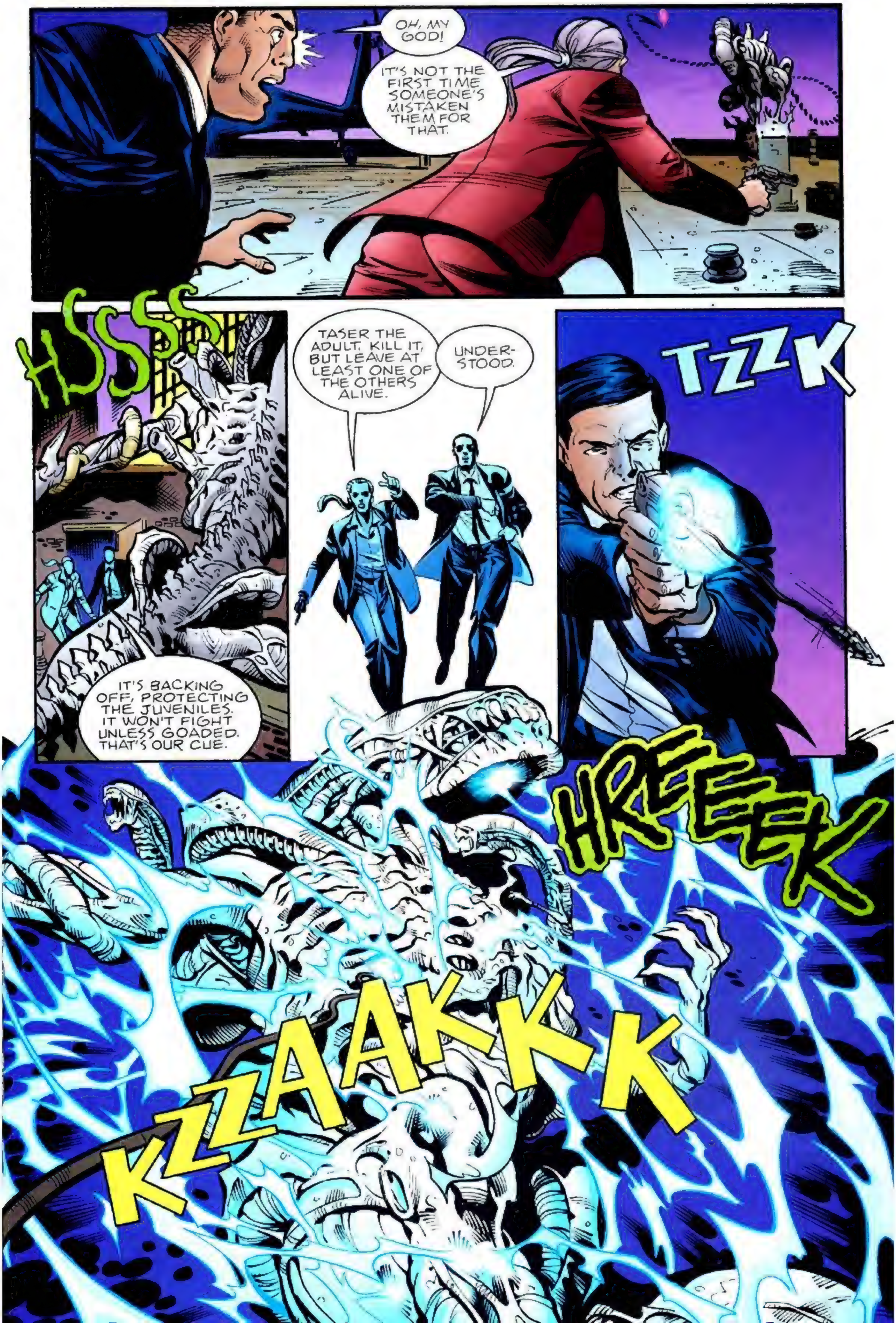

UUH...
HSSSSS
GET EVERYONE CLEAR. I'LL KEEP IT BUSY.
SKTASH!

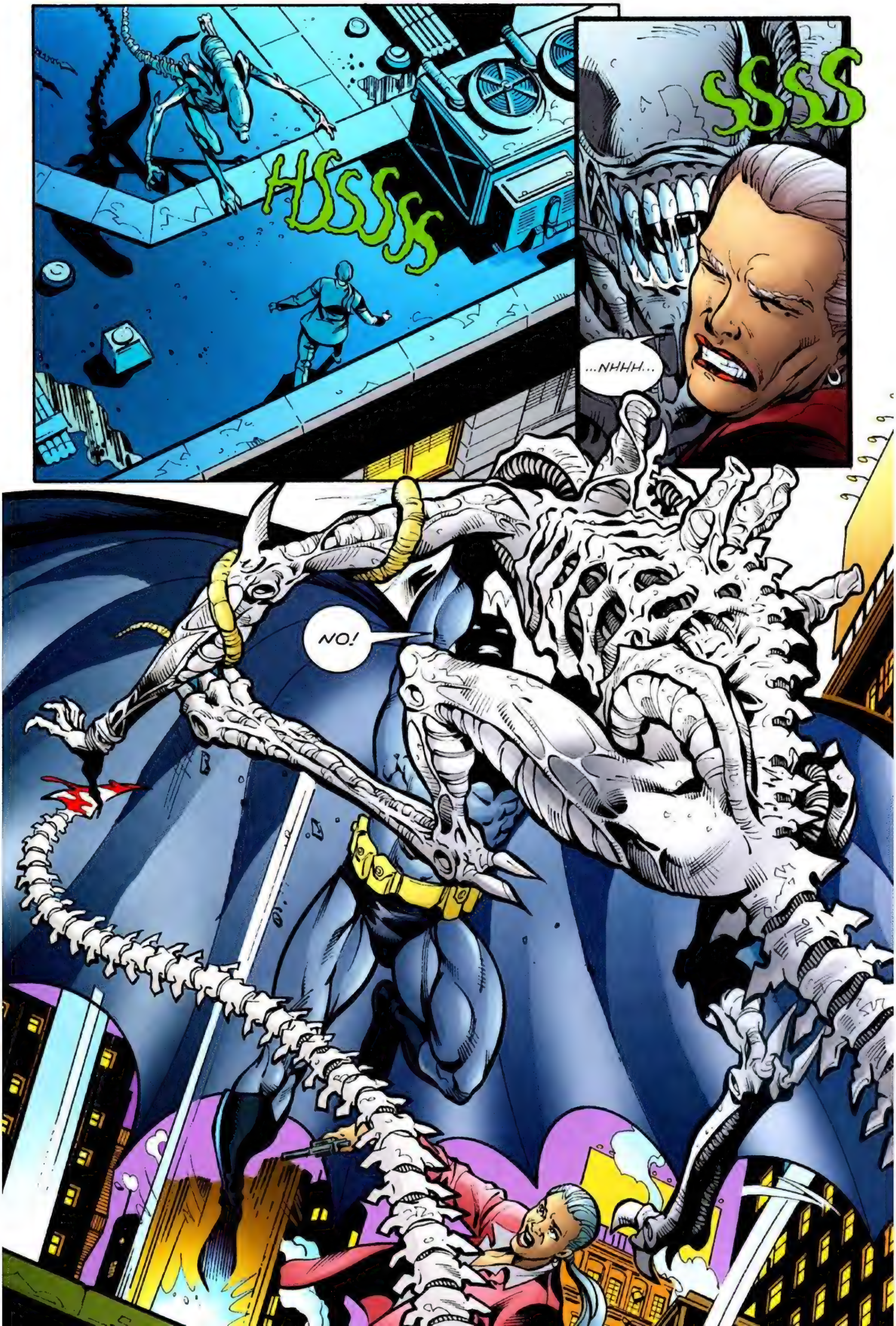

MOVE!
HURRY!
GAAHH!

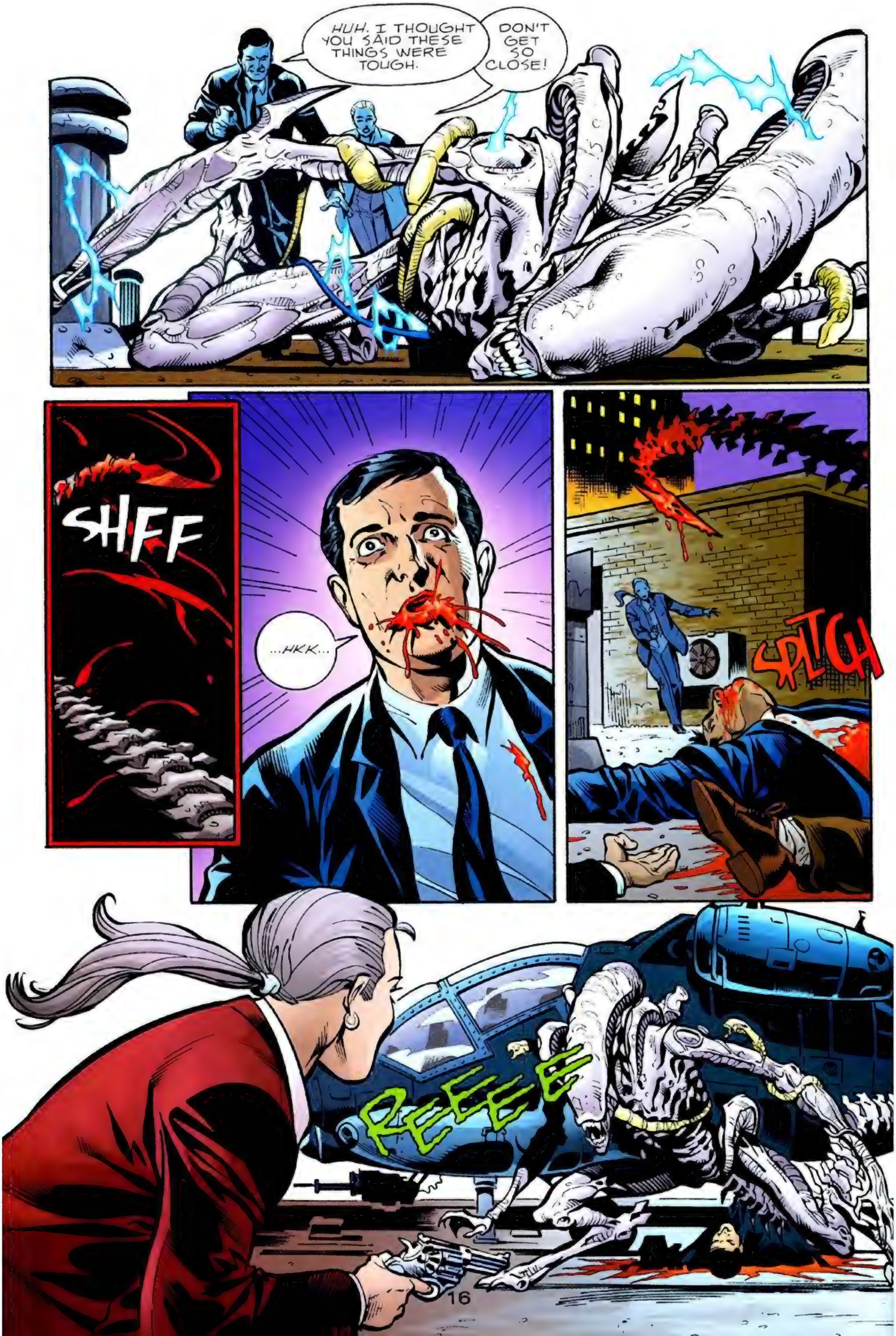

NNNN...
UFFF!
BATMAN!
THIS IS GORDON. I NEED ARMED BACK-UP IN THE E.R. IMMEDIATELY!

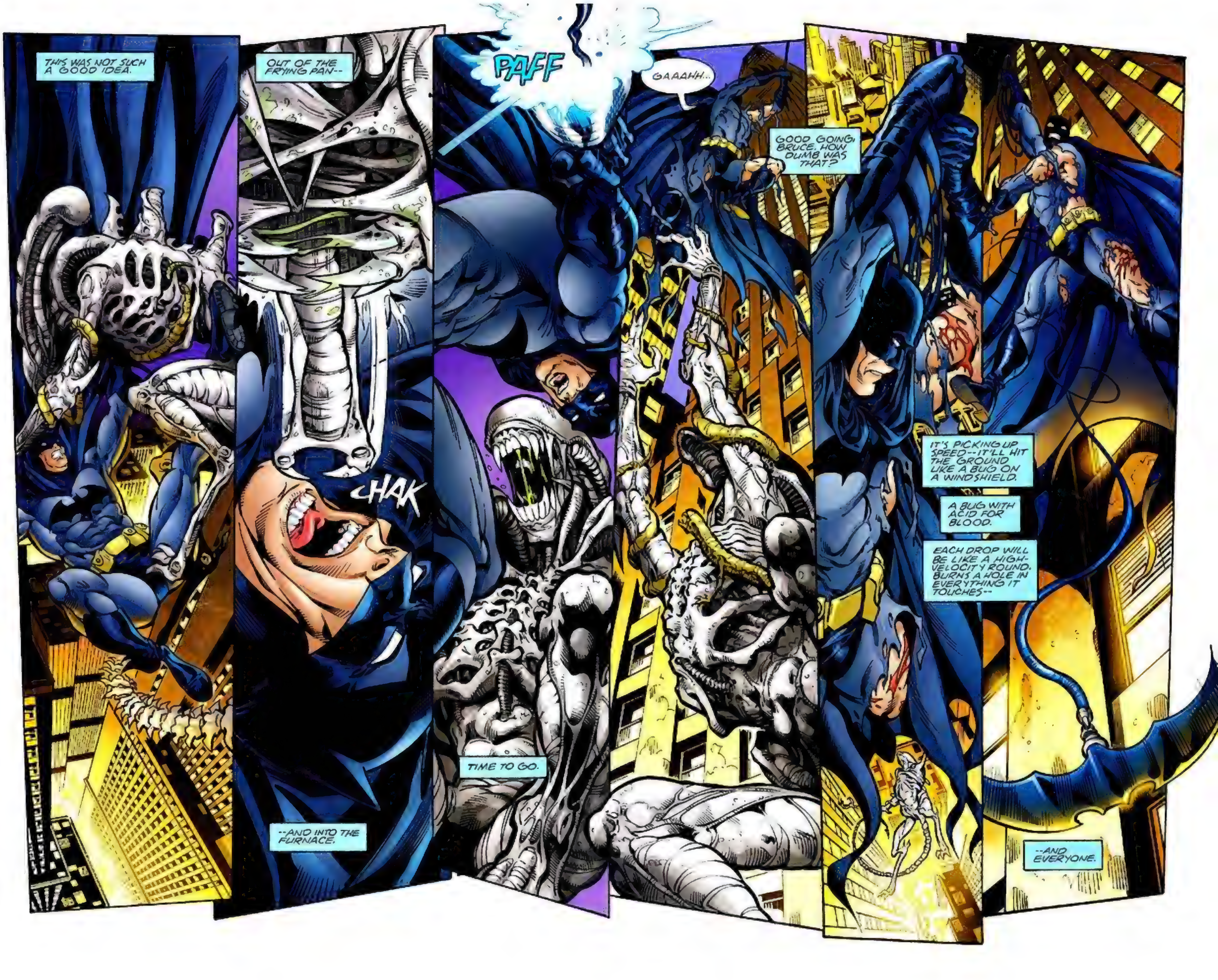

DAMMIT!
IT'S IN THE DUCTWORK... GOING UP!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
IT'S TAKEN THE OTHERS...
...DOCTOR FORTUNE?
UHN... THEY JUST PASSED ME.
ARE YOU OKAY?
I'LL LIVE. WHERE IS IT?
IT GRABBED THE YOUNG ONES AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE CRAWL-SPACE.

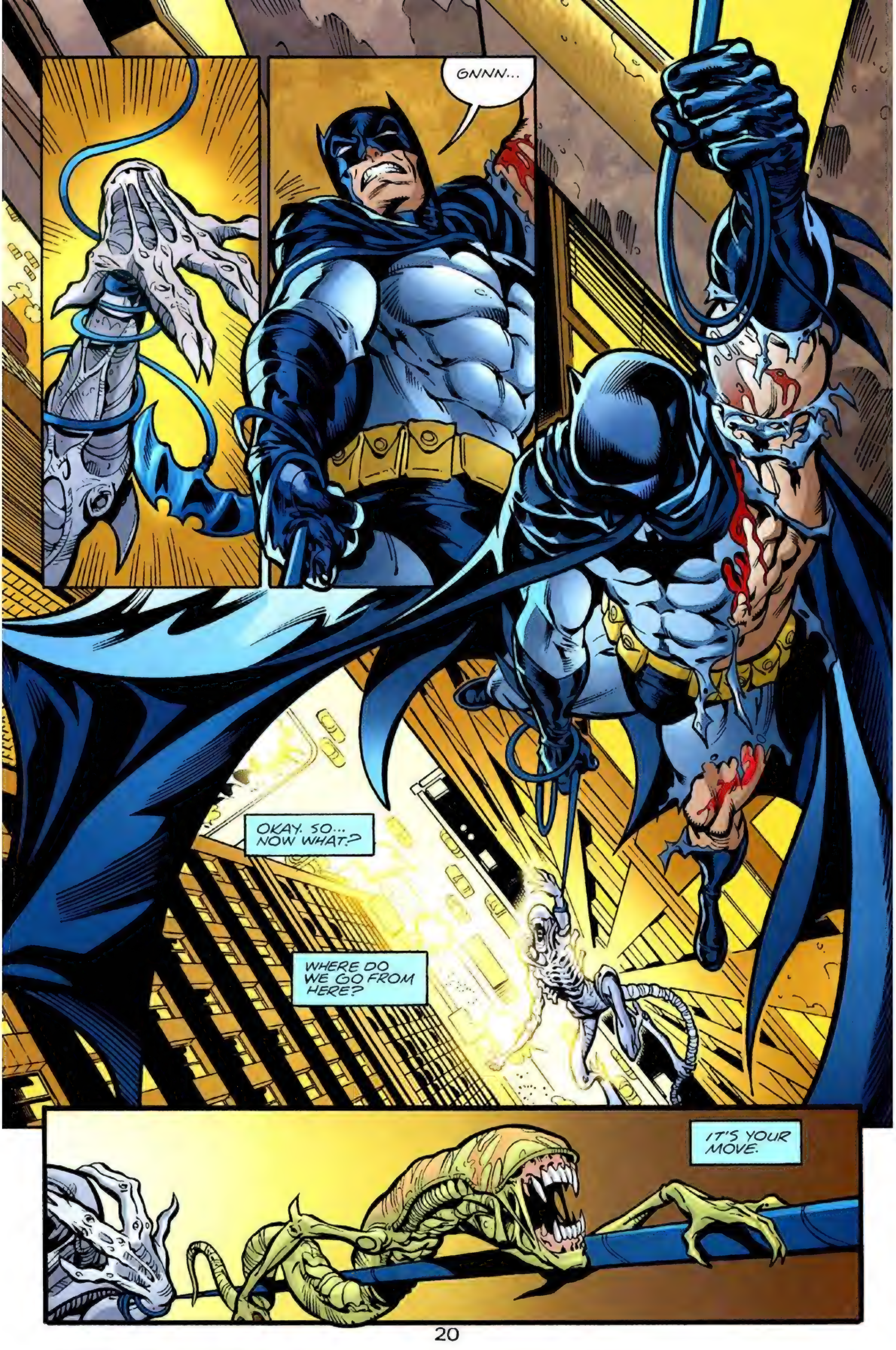

"BEST GUESS IS IT'S HEADING FOR THE ROOF"
WHUKK

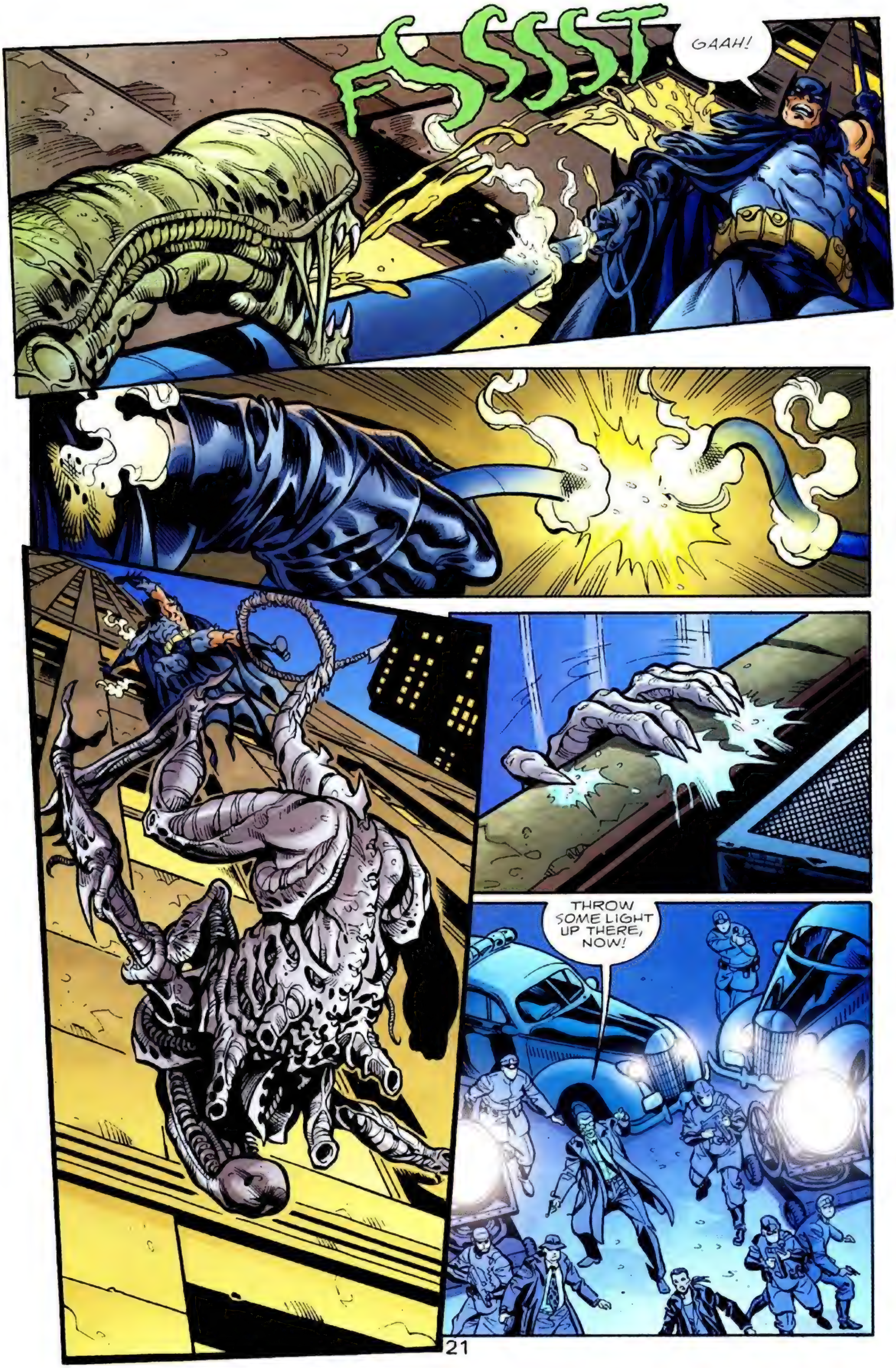

OH, MY GOD!
IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME SOMEONE'S MISTAKEN THEM FOR THAT.
HSSS
IT'S BACKING OFF, PROTECTING THE JUVENILES. IT WON'T FIGHT UNLESS GOADED. THAT'S OUR CUE.
TASER THE ADULT. KILL IT, BUT LEAVE AT LEAST ONE OF THE OTHERS ALIVE.
UNDER-STOOD.
TZZK
HREEEEK
KZZAAKKK

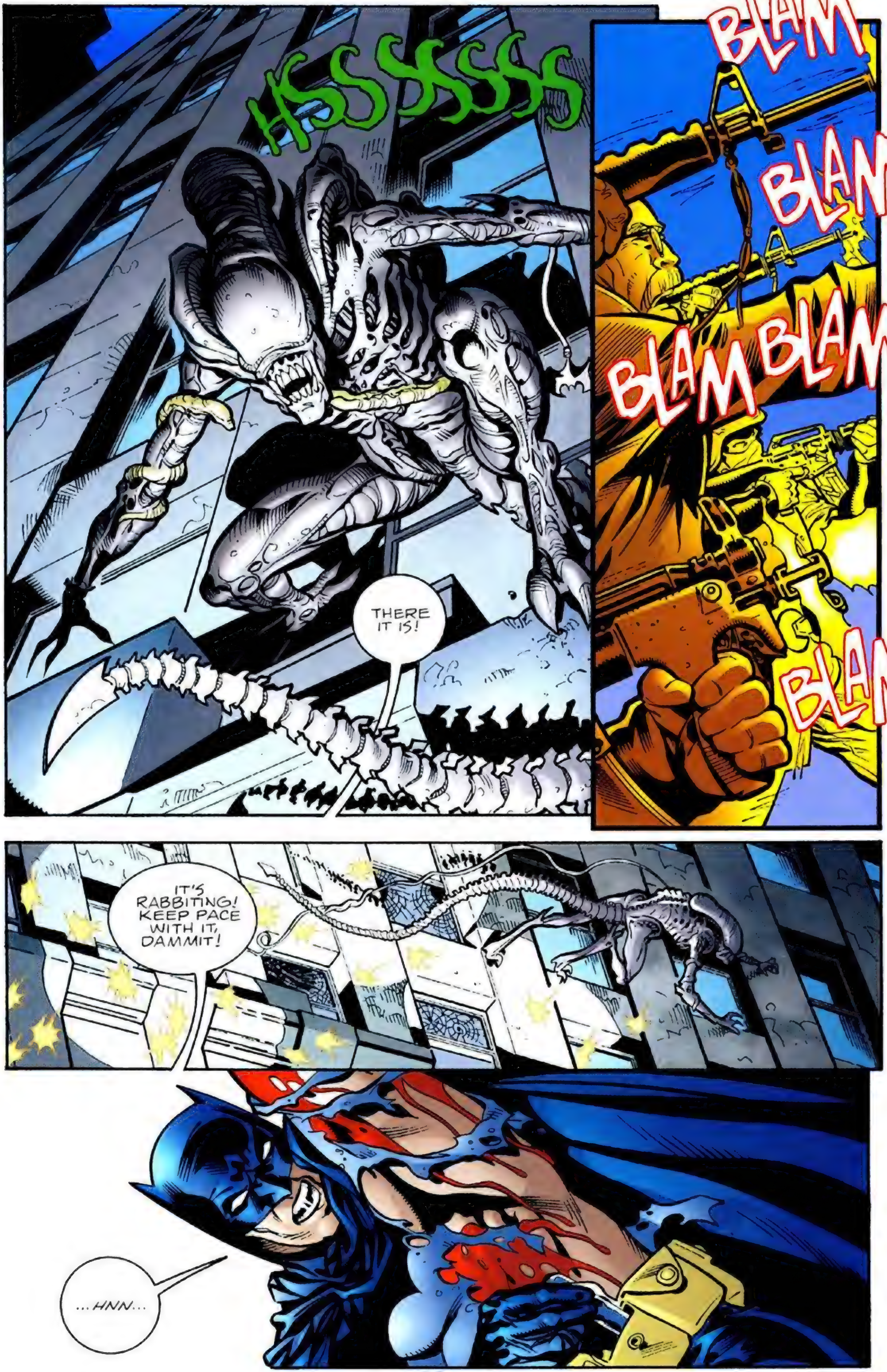

HSSSS
SSSS
...NHHH...
NO!

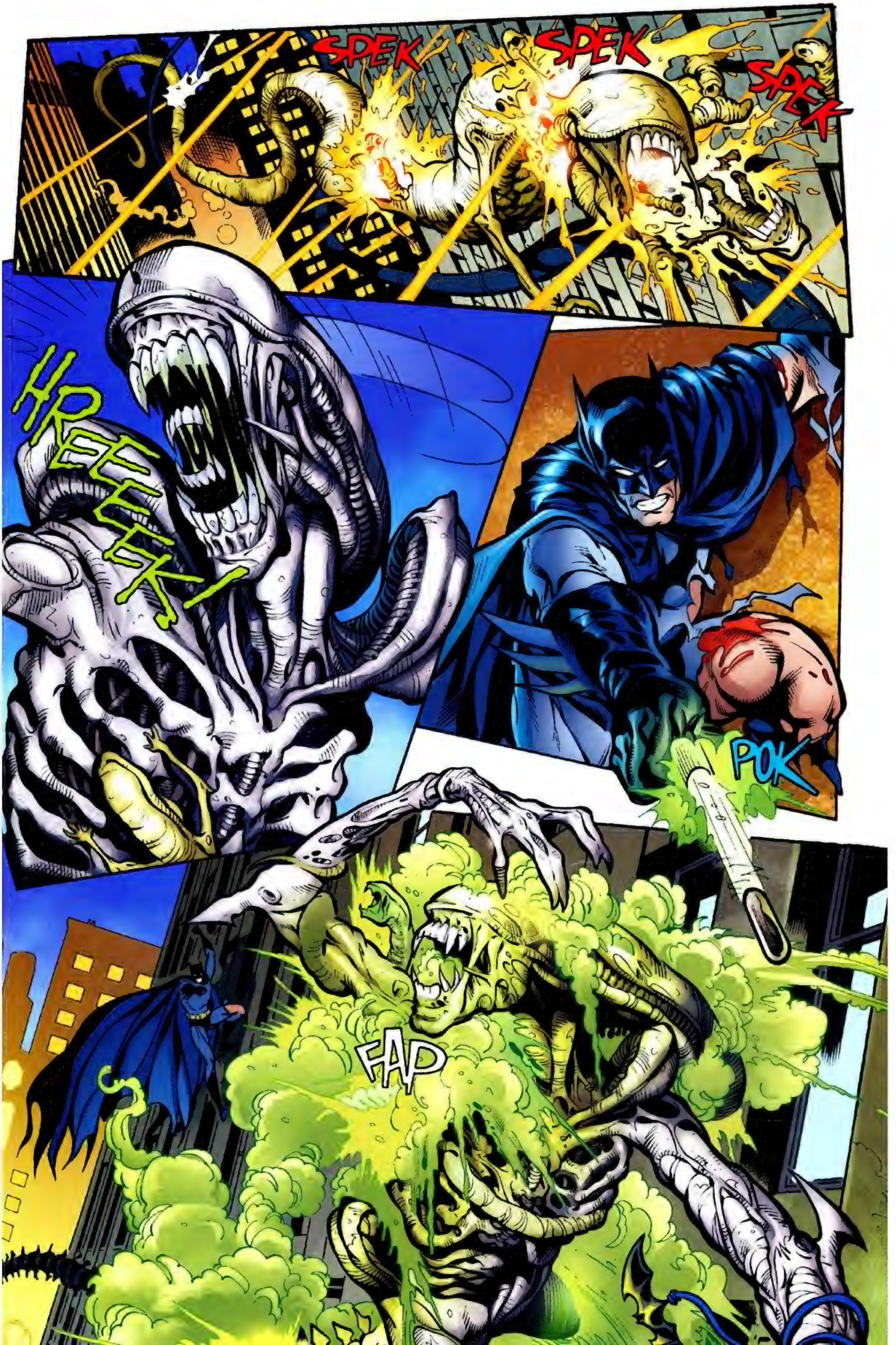

HUH. I THOUGHT YOU SAID THESE THINGS WERE TOUGH.
DON'T GET SO CLOSE!
SHFF
...HKK...
SPLTCH
REEEEE

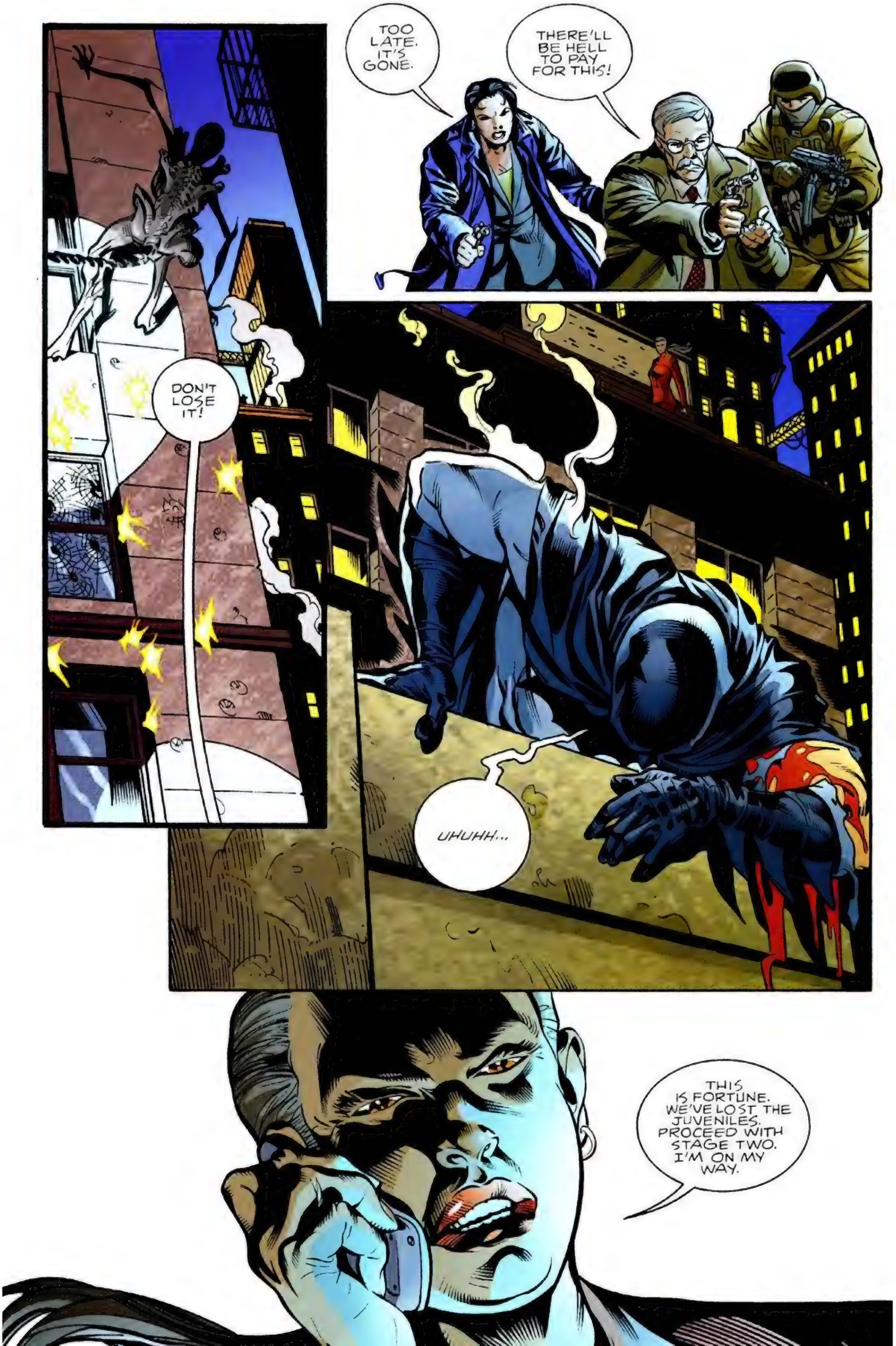

THIS WAS NOT SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN--
CHAK
--AND INTO THE FURNACE.
PAFF
GAAAHH...
TIME TO GO.
GOOD GOING, BRUCE. HOW DUMB WAS THAT?
IT'S PICKING UP SPEED--IT'LL HIT THE GROUND LIKE A BUG ON A WINDSHIELD.
A BUG WITH ACID FOR BLOOD.
EACH DROP WILL BE LIKE A HIGH-VELOCITY ROUND. BURNS A HOLE IN EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES--
--AND EVERYONE.

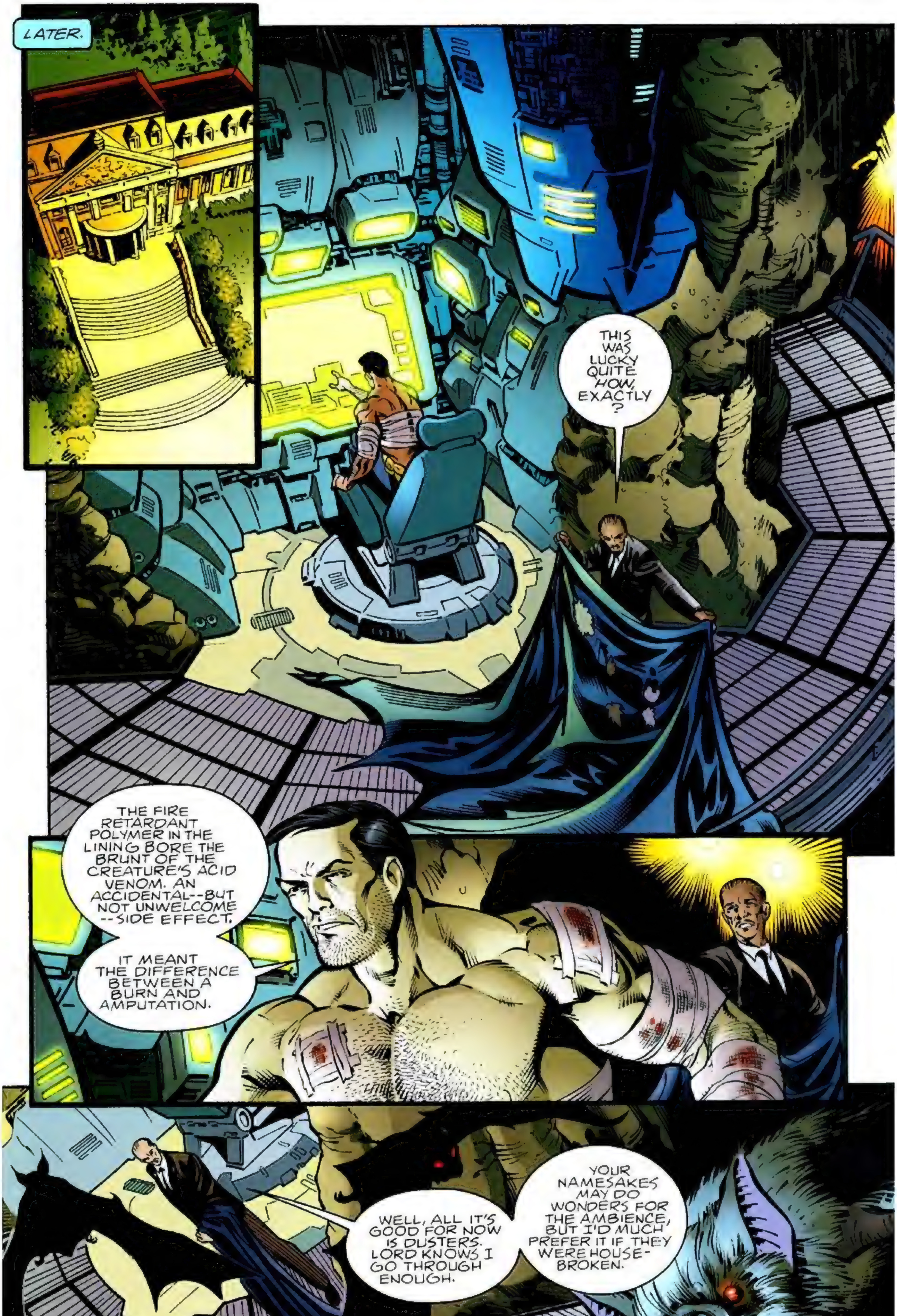

GNNN...
OKAY. SO... NOW WHAT?
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
IT'S YOUR MOVE.

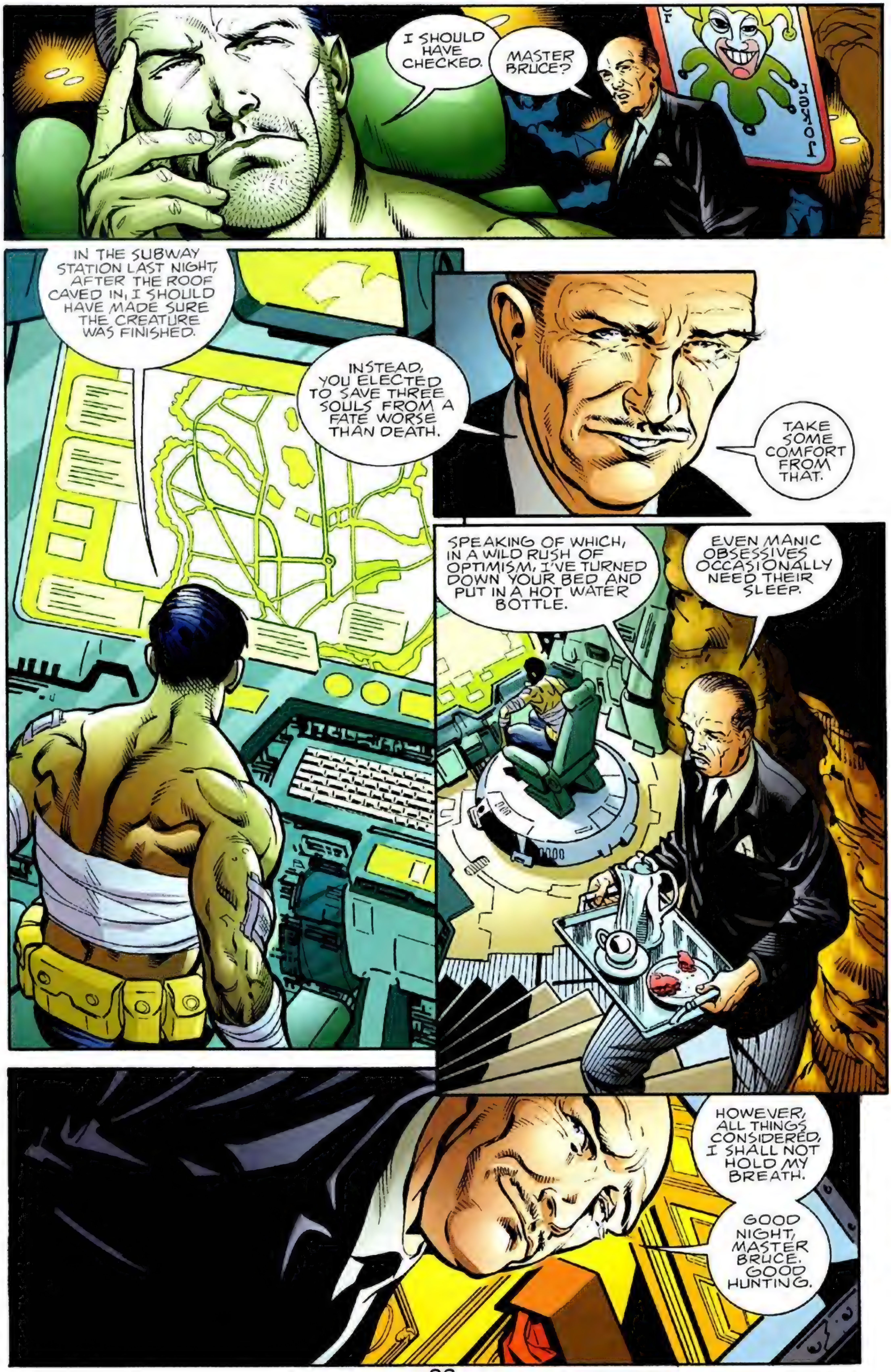

FSSSST
GAAH!
THROW SOME LIGHT UP THERE, NOW!

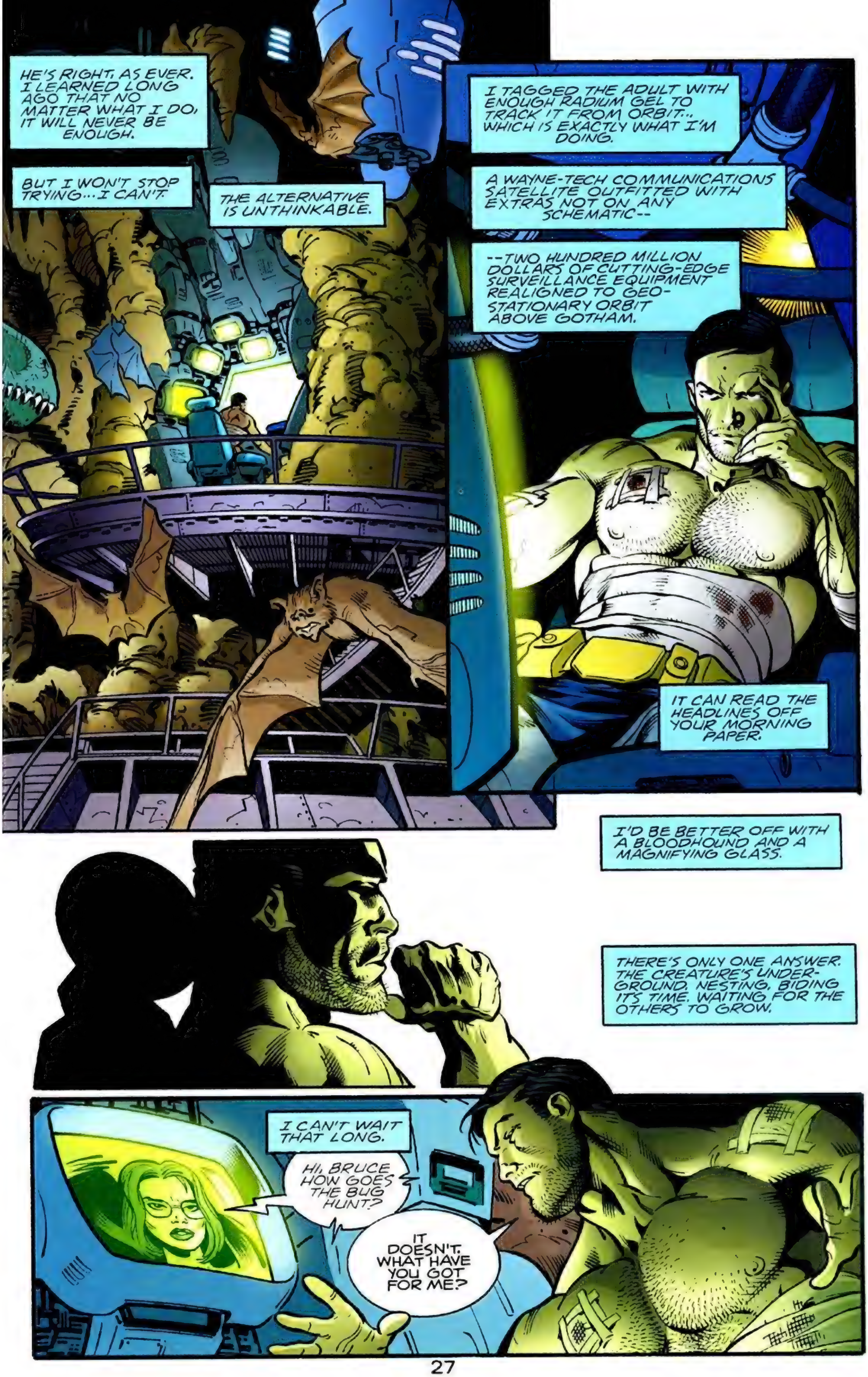

HSSSSSSS
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
THERE IT IS!
IT'S RABBITING! KEEP PACE WITH IT, DAMMIT!
...HNN...

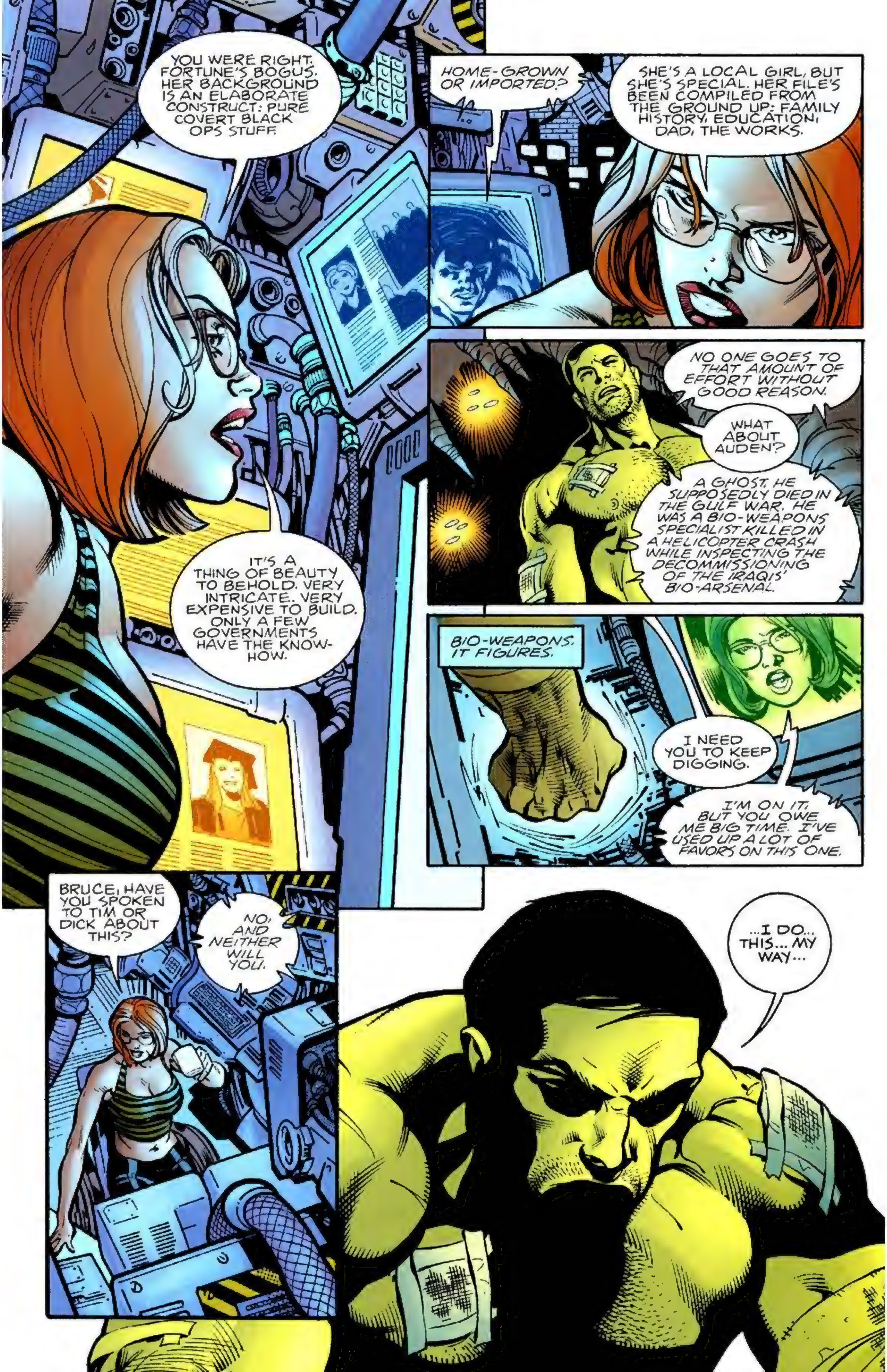

SPEK
SPEK
SPEK
HREEEEK!
POK
FAP

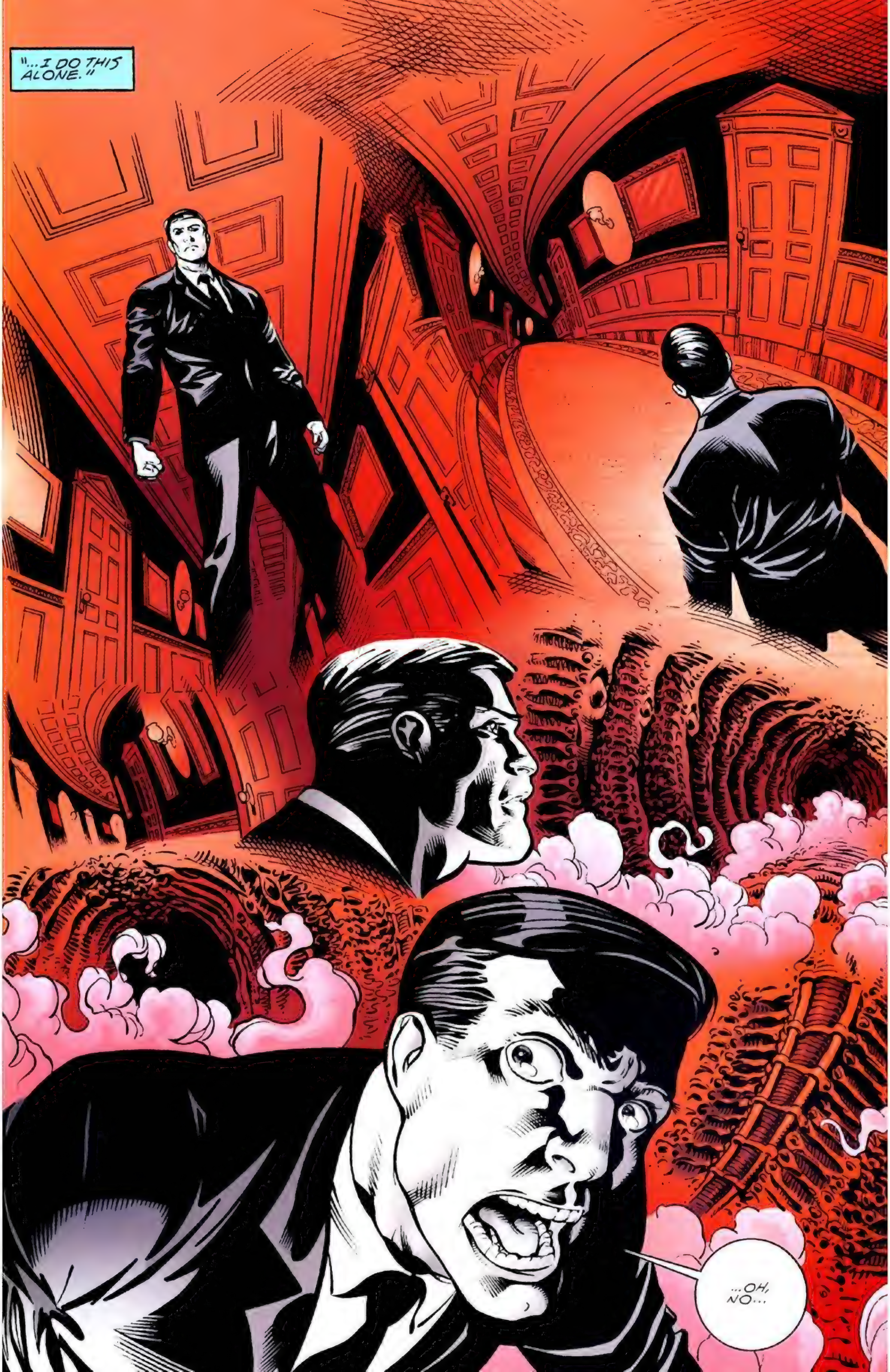

TOO LATE. IT'S GONE.
THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY FOR THIS!
DON'T LOSE IT!
UHUHH...
THIS IS FORTUNE. WE'VE LOST THE JUVENILES. PROCEED WITH STAGE TWO. I'M ON MY WAY.

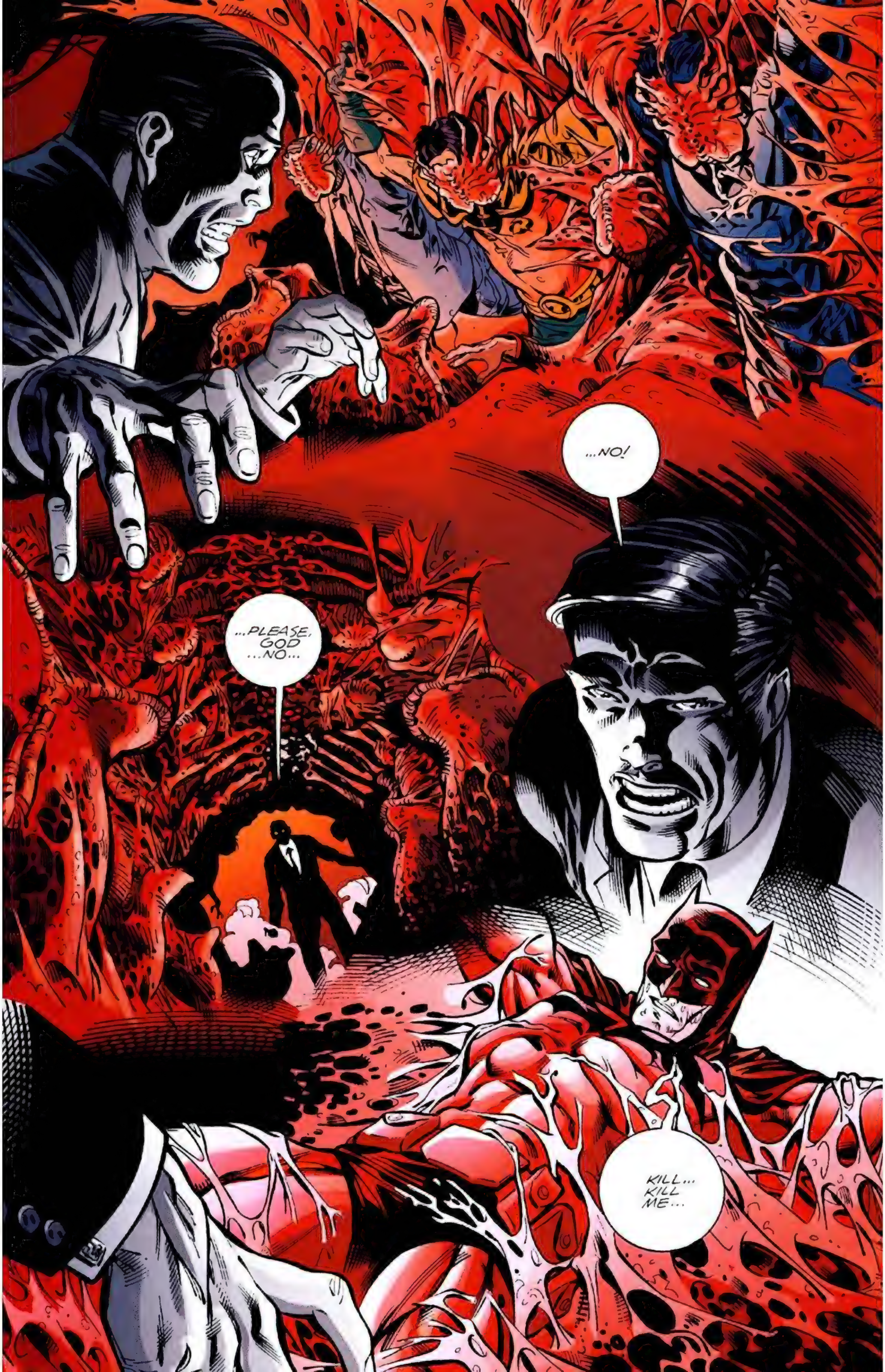

LATER.
THIS WAS LUCKY QUITE HOW, EXACTLY?
THE FIRE RETARDANT POLYMER IN THE LINING BORE THE BRUNT OF THE CREATURE'S ACID VENOM. AN ACCIDENTAL--BUT NOT UNWELCOME--SIDE EFFECT.
IT MEANT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BURN AND AMPUTATION.
WELL, ALL IT'S GOOD FOR NOW IS DUSTERS. LORD KNOWS I GO THROUGH ENOUGH.
YOUR NAMESAKES MAY DO WONDERS FOR THE AMBIENCE, BUT I'D MUCH PREFER IT IF THEY WERE HOUSE-BROKEN.

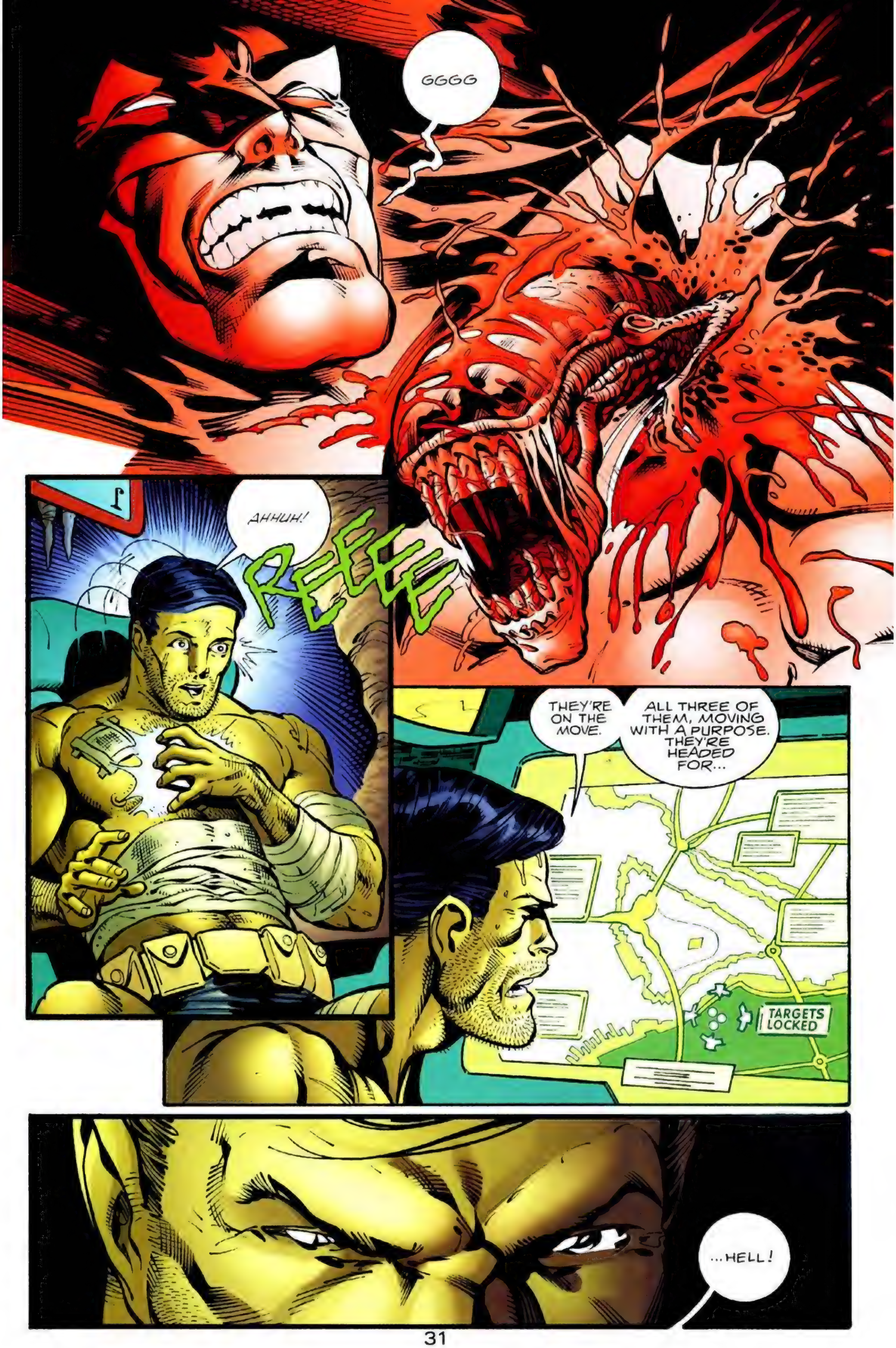

I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED.
MASTER BRUCE?
IN THE SUBWAY STATION LAST NIGHT, AFTER THE ROOF CAVED IN, I SHOULD HAVE MADE SURE THE CREATURE WAS FINISHED.
INSTEAD, YOU ELECTED TO SAVE THREE SOULS FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.
TAKE SOME COMFORT FROM THAT.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, IN A WILD RUSH OF OPTIMISM, I'VE TURNED DOWN YOUR BED AND PUT IN A HOT WATER BOTTLE.
EVEN MANIC OBSESSIVES OCCASIONALLY NEED THEIR SLEEP.
HOWEVER, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I SHALL NOT HOLD MY BREATH.
GOOD NIGHT, MASTER BRUCE. GOOD HUNTING.

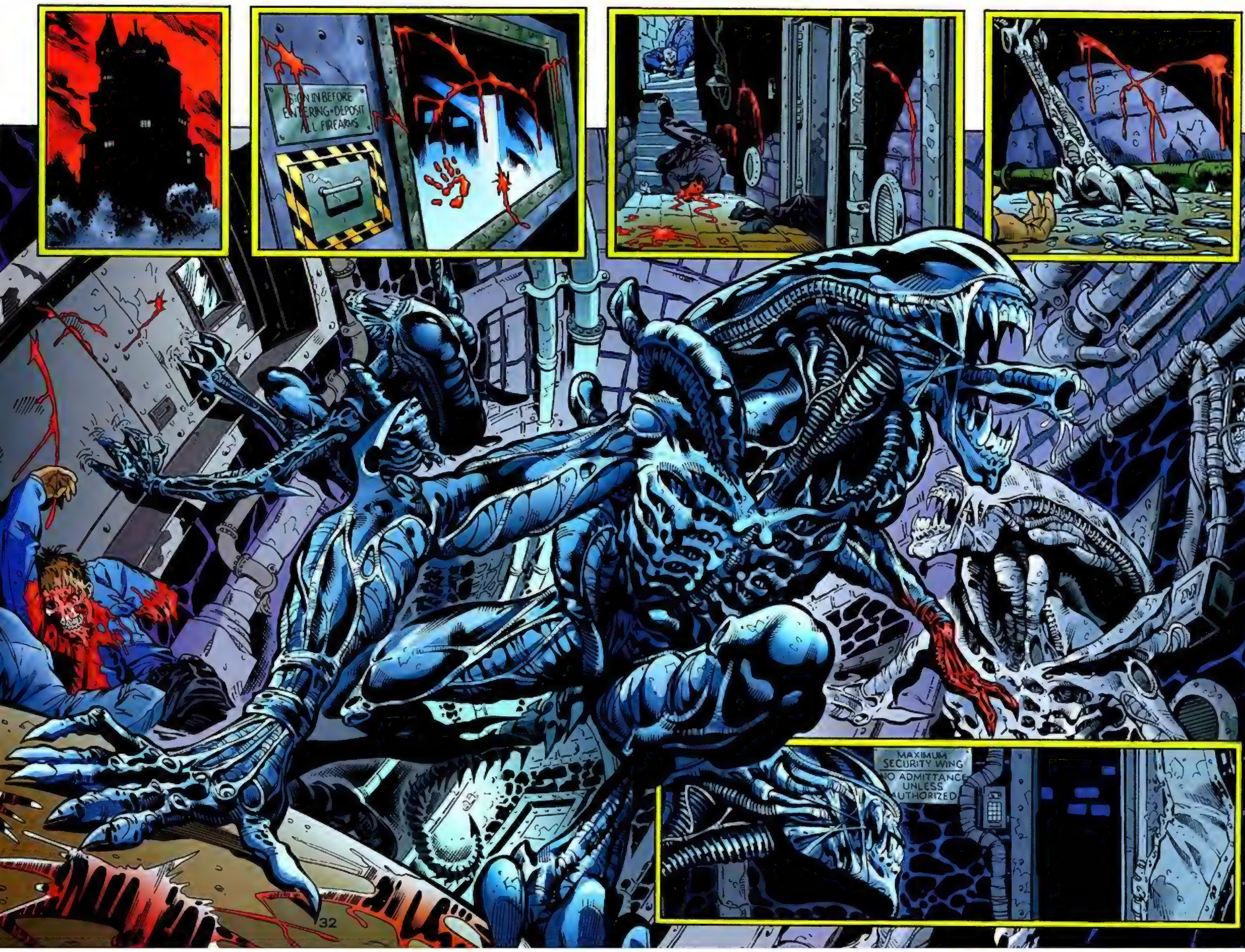

HE'S RIGHT, AS EVER. I LEARNED LONG AGO THAT NO MATTER WHAT I DO, IT WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH.
BUT I WON'T STOP TRYING... I CAN'T.
THE ALTERNATIVE IS UNTHINKABLE.
I TAGGED THE ADULT WITH ENOUGH RADIUM GEL TO TRACK IT FROM ORBIT... WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING.
A WAYNE-TECH COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE OUTFITTED WITH EXTRAS NOT ON ANY SCHEMATIC--
--TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS OF CUTTING-EDGE SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT REALIGNED TO GEO-STATIONARY ORBIT ABOVE GOTHAM.
IT CAN READ THE HEADLINES OFF YOUR MORNING PAPER.
I'D BE BETTER OFF WITH A BLOODHOUND AND A MAGNIFYING GLASS.
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER. THE CREATURE'S UNDER-GROUND. NESTING. BIDING ITS TIME. WAITING FOR THE OTHERS TO GROW.
I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG.
HI, BRUCE. HOW GOES THE BUG HUNT?
IT DOESN'T. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME?

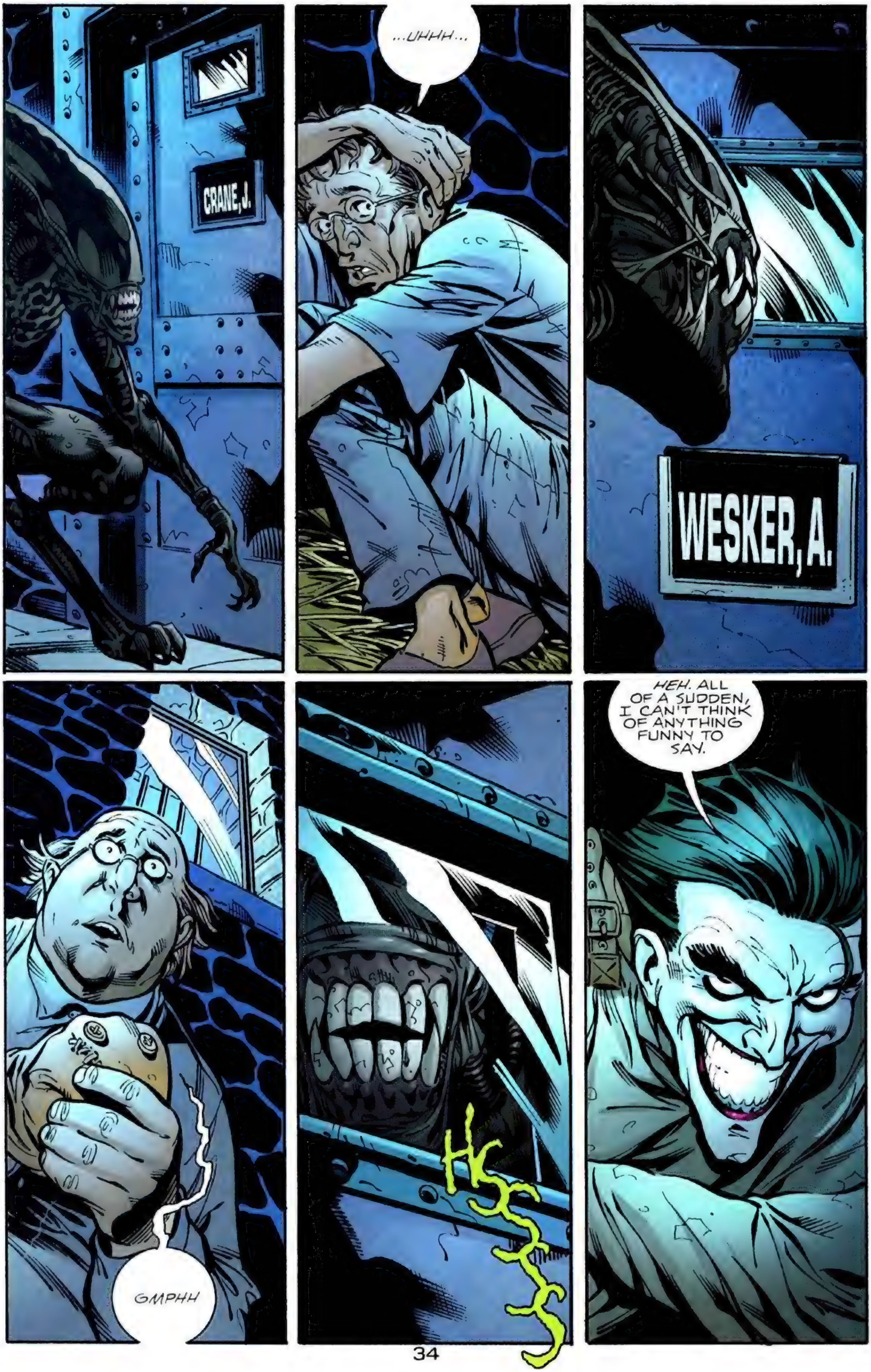

YOU WERE RIGHT. FORTUNE'S BOGUS. HER BACKGROUND IS AN ELABORATE CONSTRUCT: PURE COVERT BLACK OPS STUFF.
IT'S A THING OF BEAUTY TO BEHOLD. VERY INTRICATE. VERY EXPENSIVE TO BUILD. ONLY A FEW GOVERNMENTS HAVE THE KNOW-HOW.
HOME-GROWN OR IMPORTED?
SHE'S A LOCAL GIRL, BUT SHE'S SPECIAL. HER FILE'S BEEN COMPILED FROM THE GROUND UP: FAMILY HISTORY, EDUCATION, DAD, THE WORKS.
NO ONE GOES TO THAT AMOUNT OF EFFORT WITHOUT GOOD REASON.
WHAT ABOUT AUDEN?
A GHOST. HE SUPPOSEDLY DIED IN THE GULF WAR. HE WAS A BIO-WEAPONS SPECIALIST KILLED IN A HELICOPTER CRASH WHILE INSPECTING THE DECOMMISSIONING OF THE IRAQIS' BIO-ARSENAL.
BIO-WEAPONS. IT FIGURES.
I NEED YOU TO KEEP DIGGING.
I'M ON IT, BUT YOU OWE ME BIG TIME. I'VE USED UP A LOT OF FAVORS ON THIS ONE.
BRUCE, HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO TIM OR DICK ABOUT THIS?
NO, AND NEITHER WILL YOU.
...I DO... THIS... MY WAY...

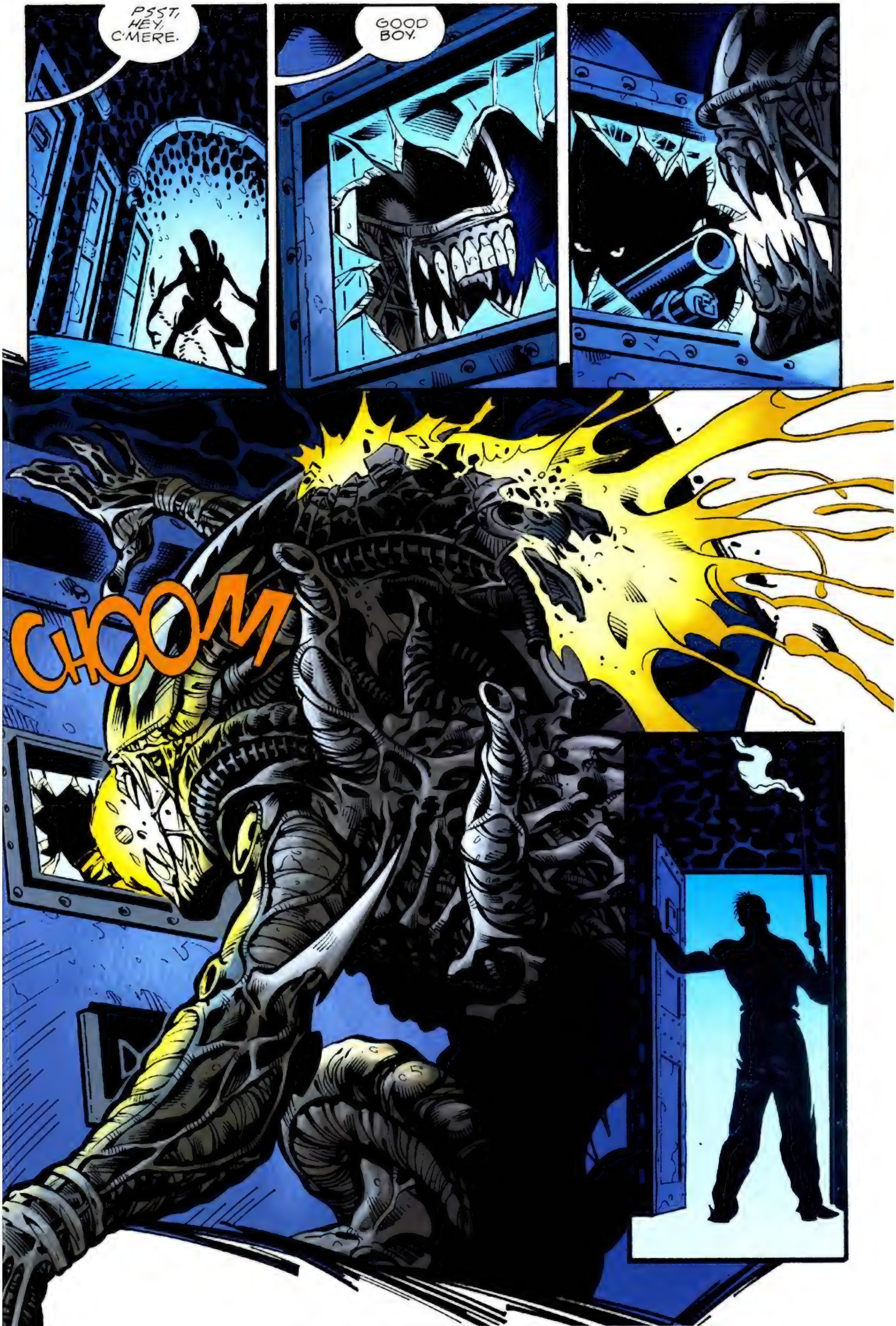

"...I DO THIS ALONE."
...OH, NO...

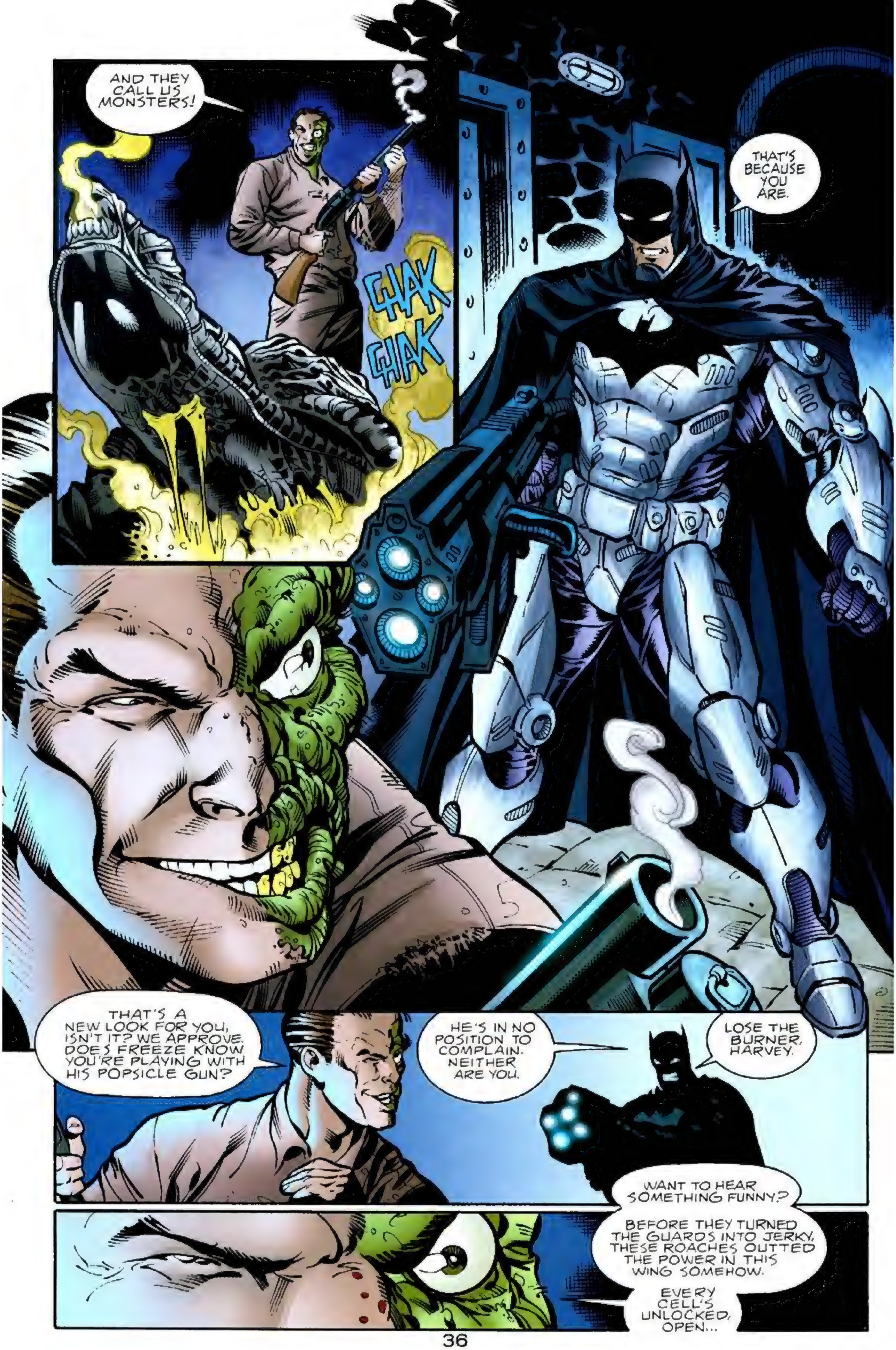

...NO!
...PLEASE, GOD ...NO...
KILL... KILL ME...

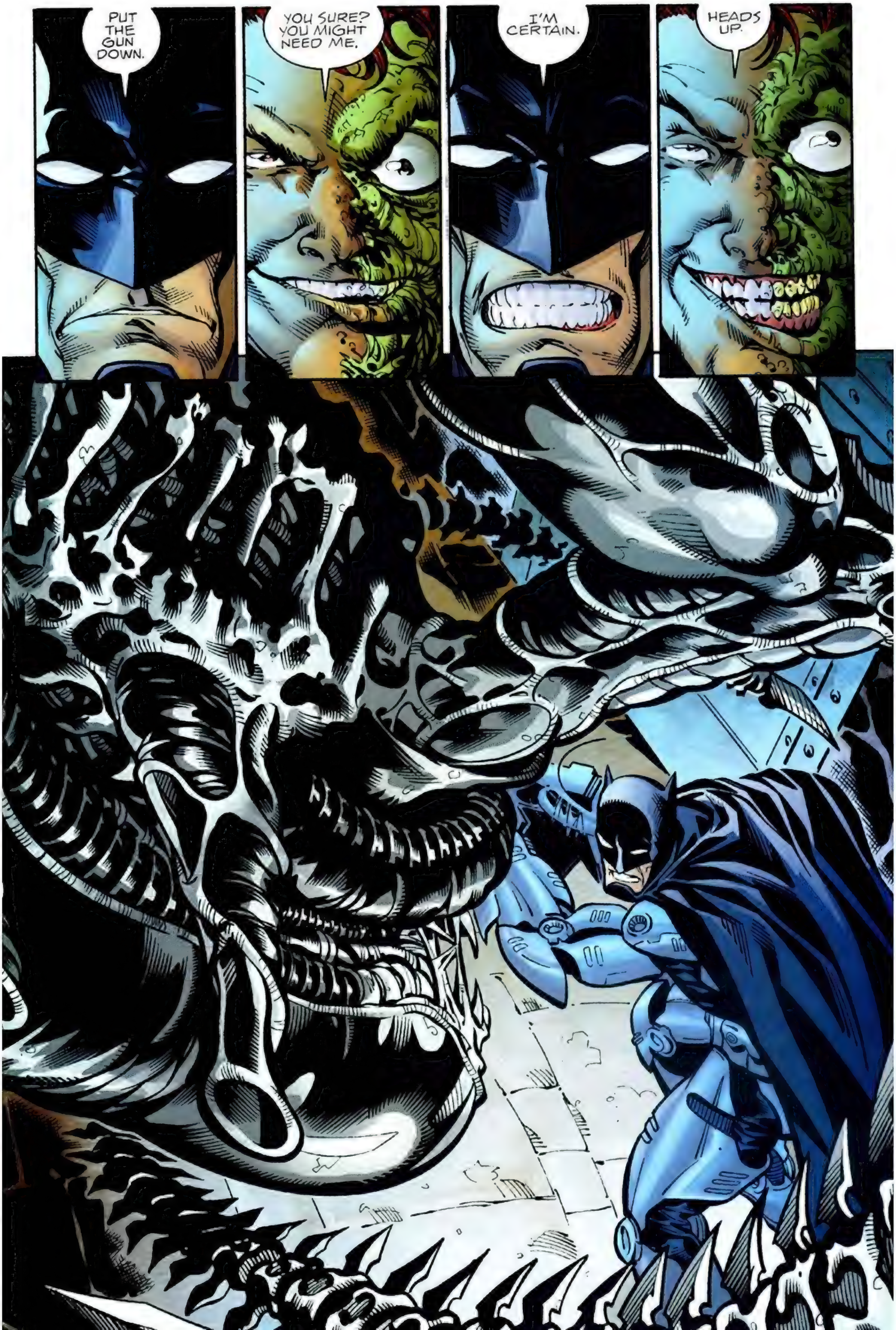

GGGG
AHHUH!
REEEEE
THEY'RE ON THE MOVE.
ALL THREE OF THEM, MOVING WITH A PURPOSE. THEY'RE HEADED FOR...
TARGETS LOCKED
...HELL!

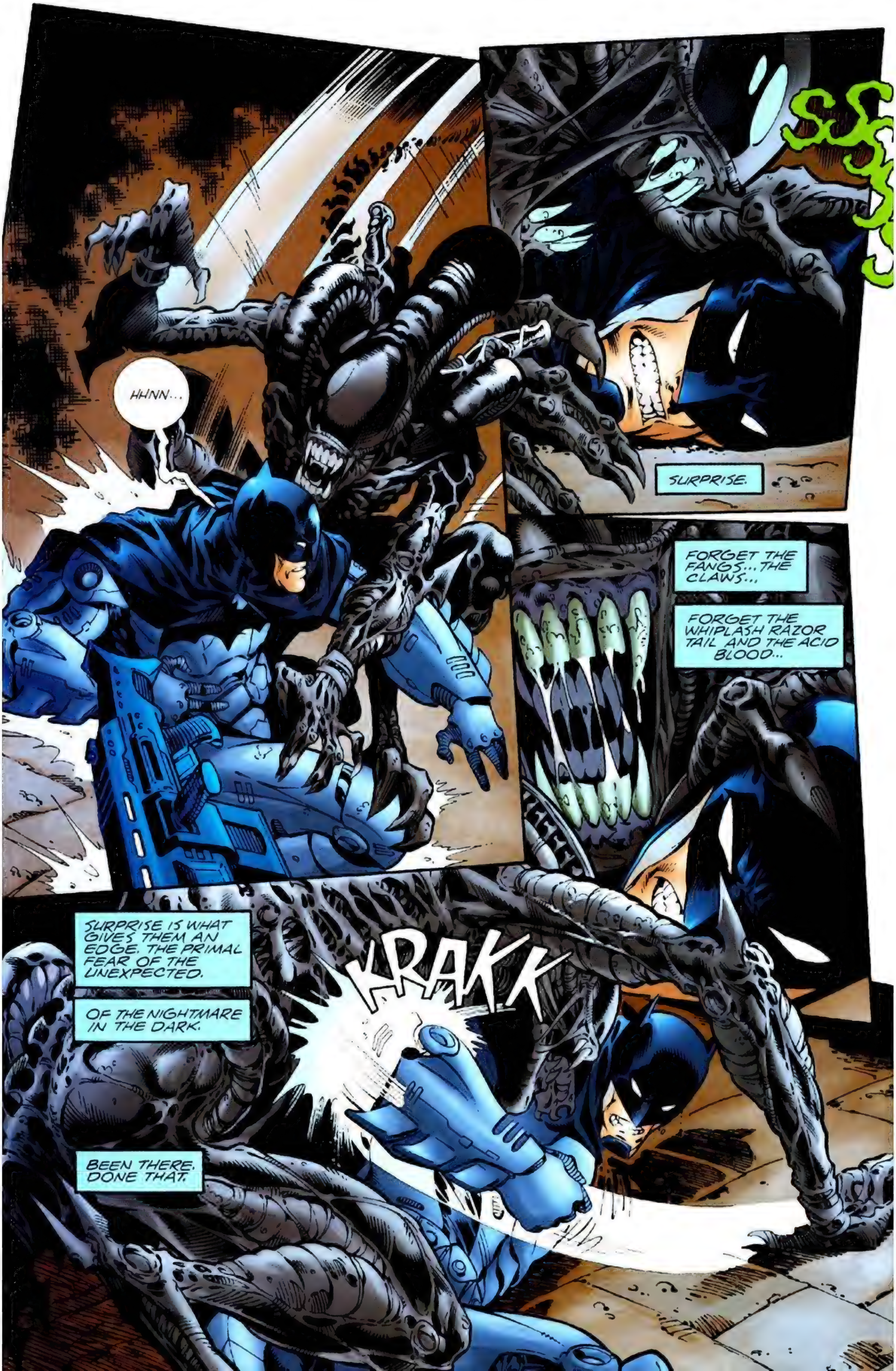

SIGN IN BEFORE ENTERING • DEPOSIT ALL FIREARMS
MAXIMUM SECURITY WING
NO ADMITTANCE UNLESS AUTHORIZED

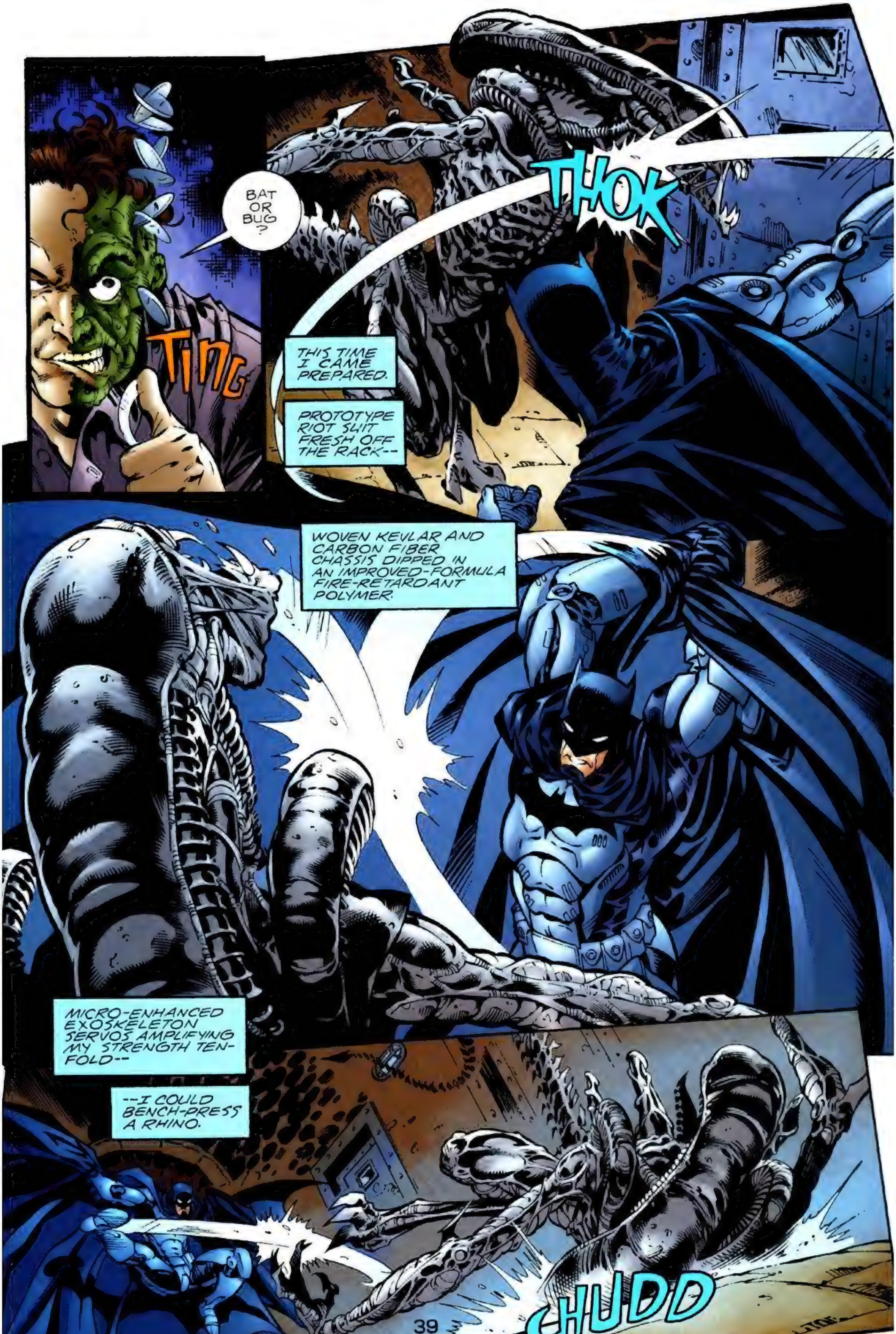

CRANE, J.
...UHHH...
WESKER, A.
GMPHH
HSSSS
HEH. ALL OF A SUDDEN, I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING FUNNY TO SAY.

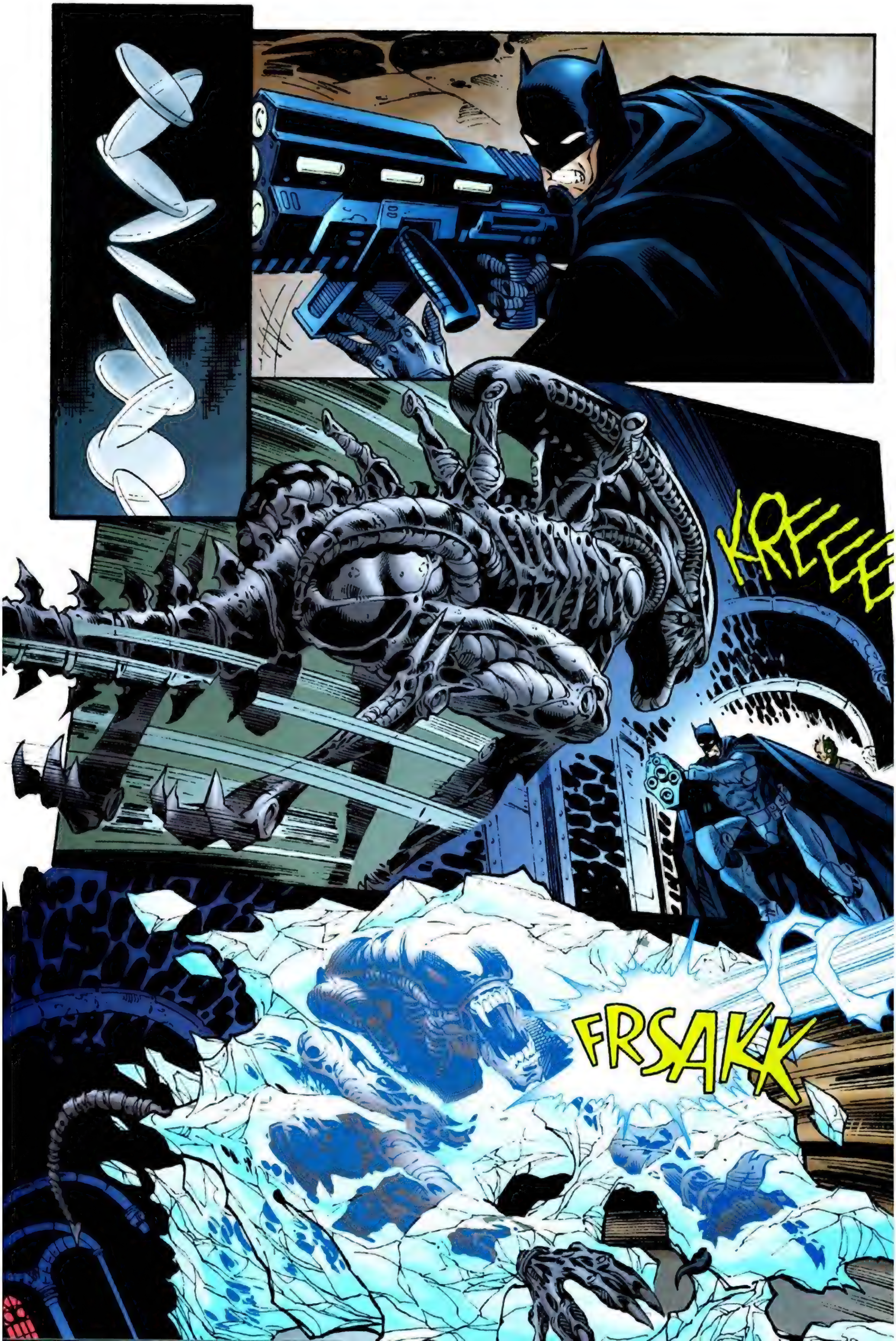

PSST, HEY, C'MERE.
GOOD BOY.
CHOOM

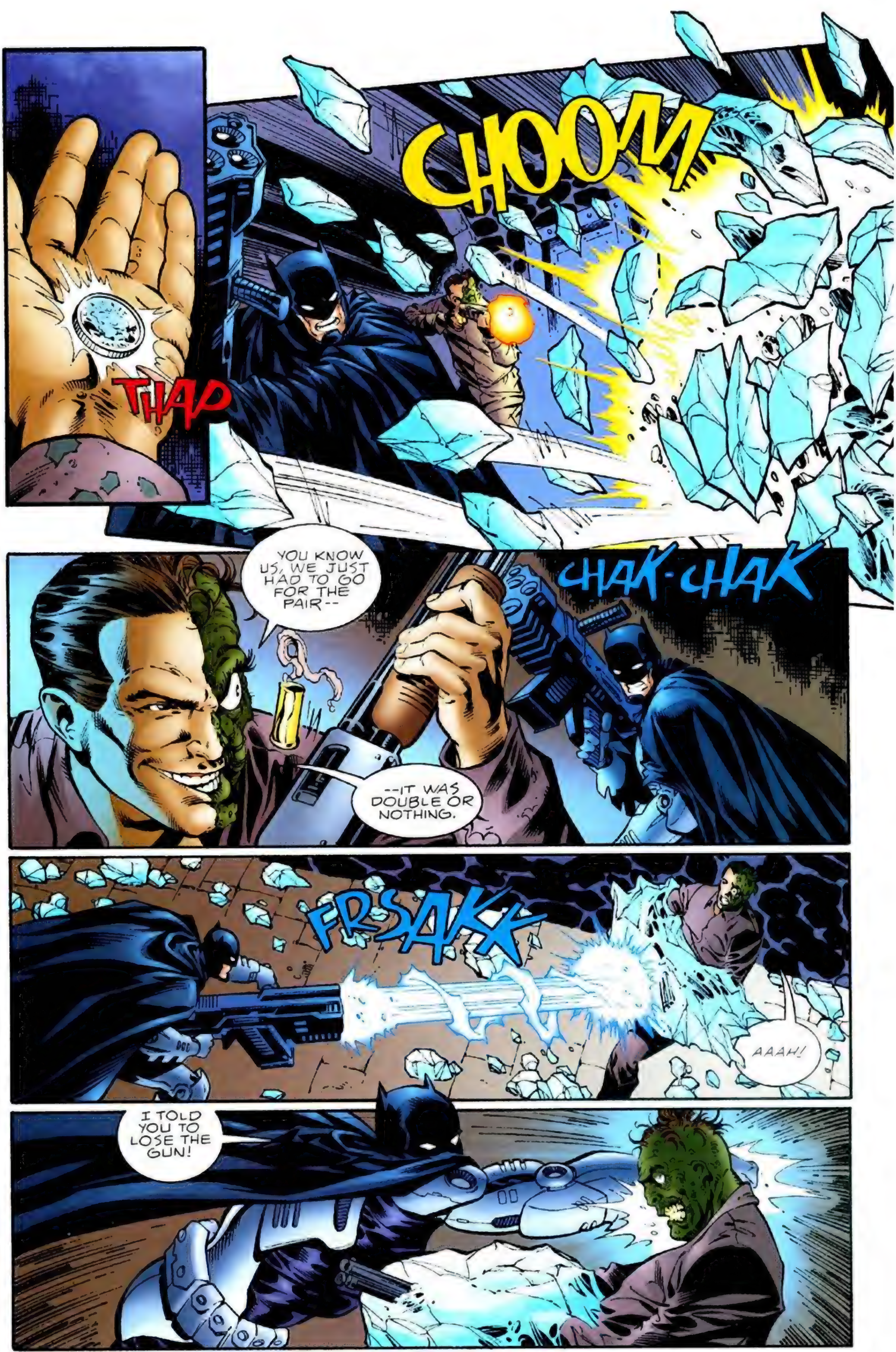

AND THEY CALL US MONSTERS!
CHAK CHAK
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU ARE.
THAT'S A NEW LOOK FOR YOU, ISN'T IT? WE APPROVE. DOES FREEZE KNOW YOU'RE PLAYING WITH HIS POPSICLE GUN?
HE'S IN NO POSITION TO COMPLAIN. NEITHER ARE YOU.
LOSE THE BURNER, HARVEY.
WANT TO HEAR SOMETHING FUNNY?
BEFORE THEY TURNED THE GUARDS INTO JERKY, THESE ROACHES OUTTED THE POWER IN THIS WING SOMEHOW.
EVERY CELL'S UNLOCKED, OPEN...

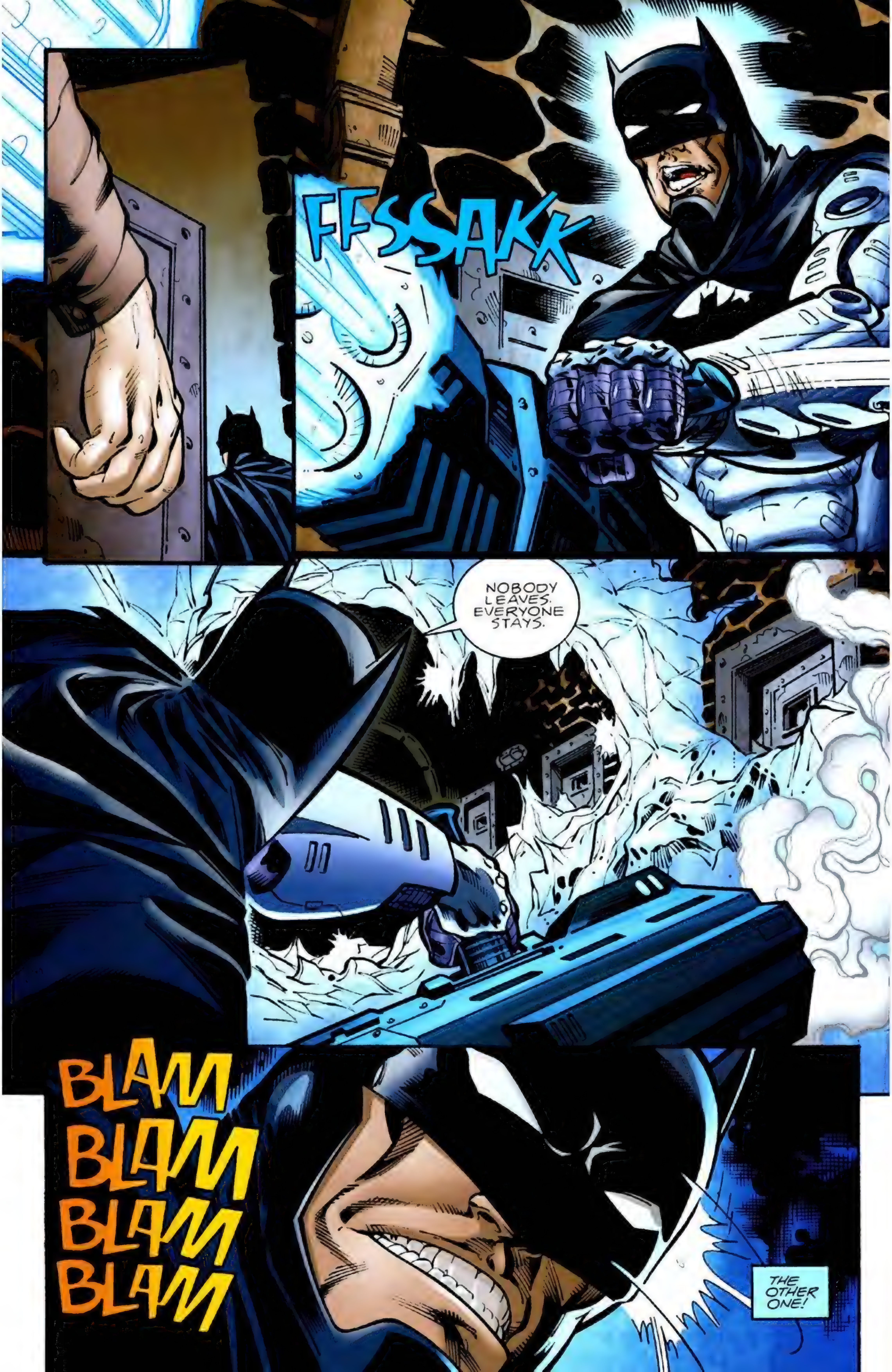

PUT THE GUN DOWN.
YOU SURE? YOU MIGHT NEED ME.
I'M CERTAIN.
HEADS UP.

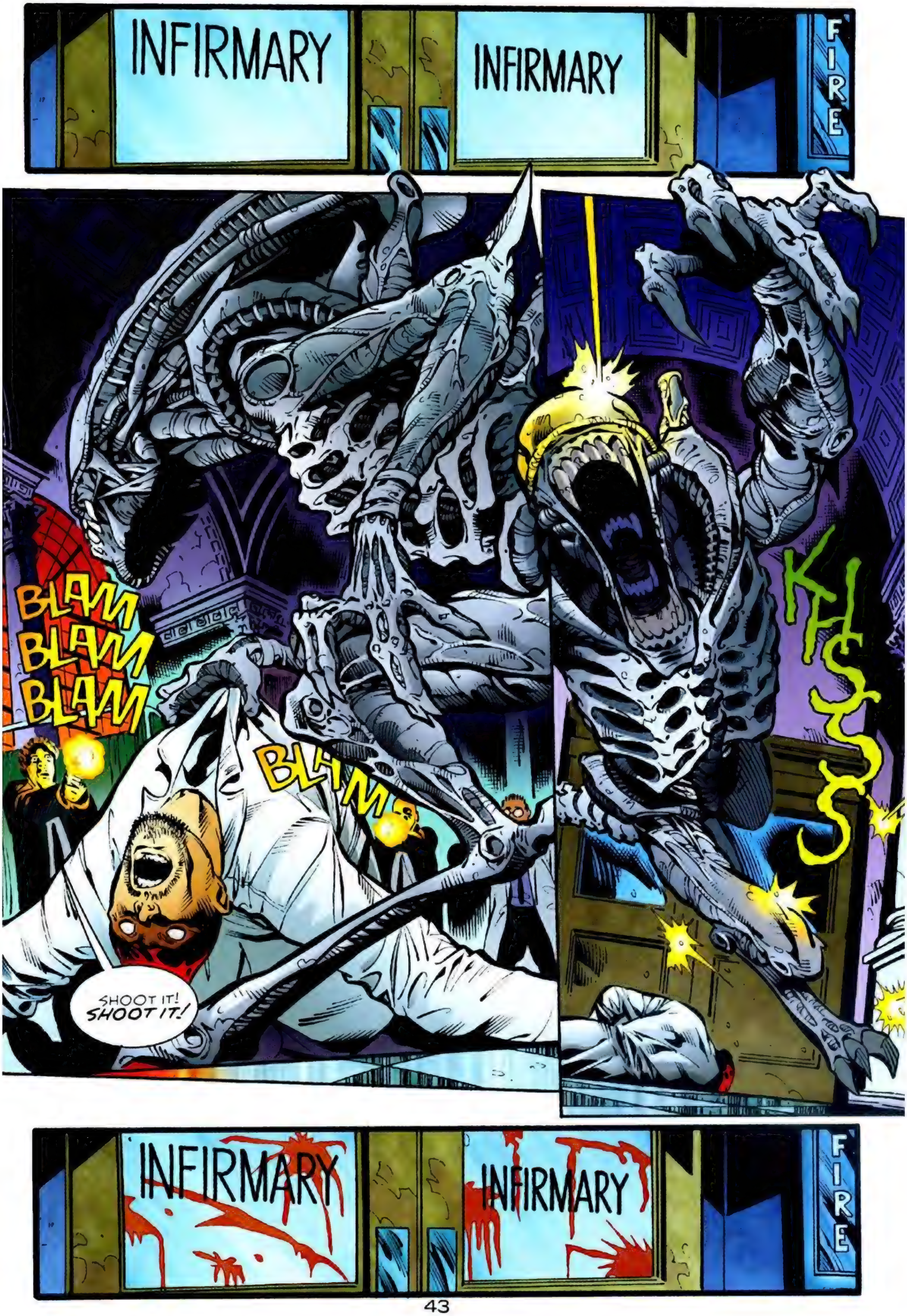

SSSS
HHNN...
SURPRISE.
FORGET THE FANGS... THE CLAWS...
FORGET THE WHIPLASH RAZOR TAIL AND THE ACID BLOOD...
SURPRISE IS WHAT GIVES THEM AN EDGE. THE PRIMAL FEAR OF THE UNEXPECTED.
OF THE NIGHTMARE IN THE DARK.
KRAKK
BEEN THERE. DONE THAT.

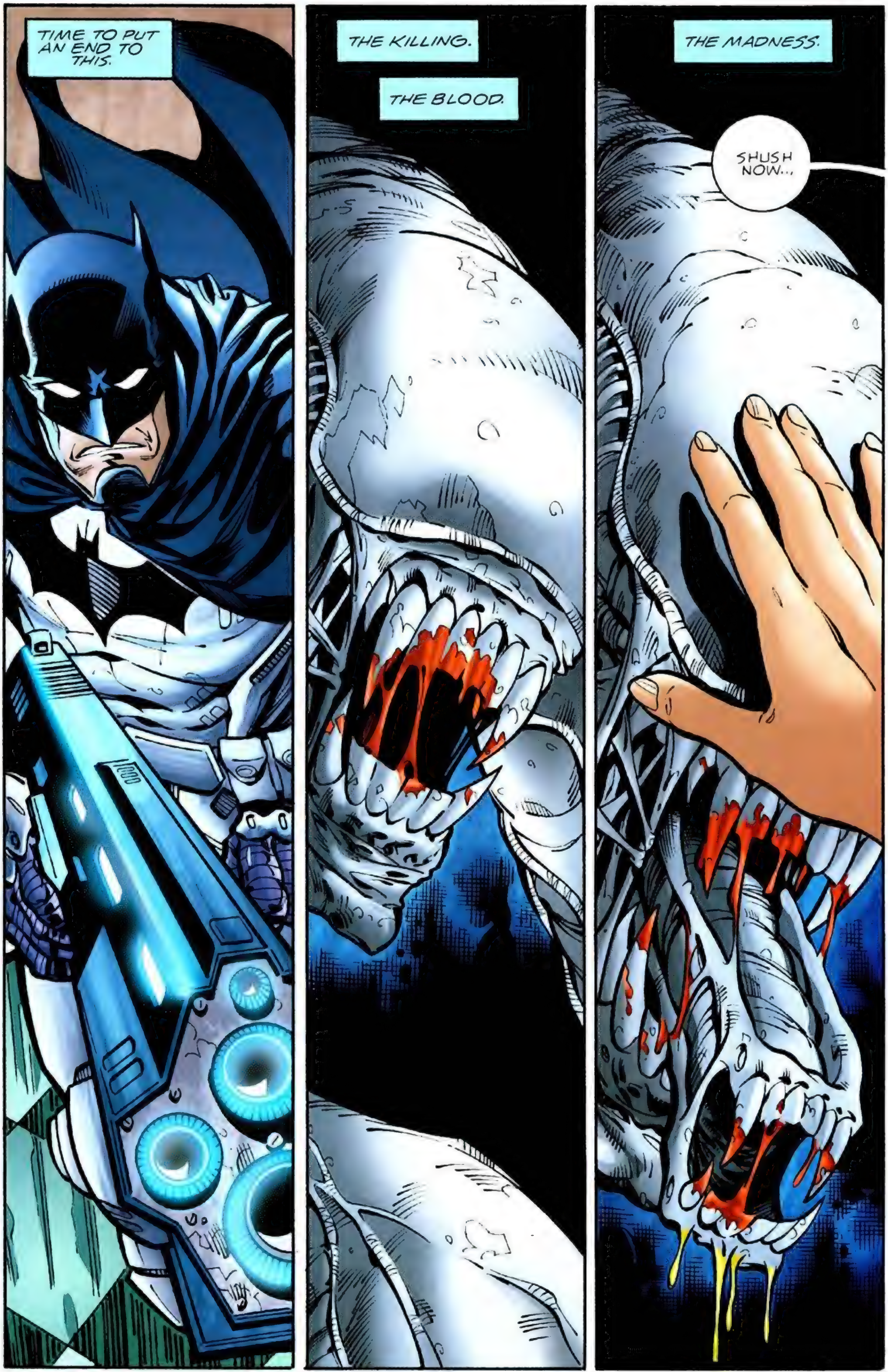

BAT OR BUG ?
TING
THOK
THIS TIME I CAME PREPARED.
PROTOTYPE RIOT SUIT FRESH OFF THE RACK--
WOVEN KEVLAR AND CARBON FIBER CHASSIS DIPPED IN AN IMPROVED-FORMULA FIRE-RETARDANT POLYMER.
MICRO-ENHANCED EXOSKELETON SERVOS AMPLIFYING MY STRENGTH TEN-FOLD--
--I COULD BENCH-PRESS A RHINO.
CHUDD

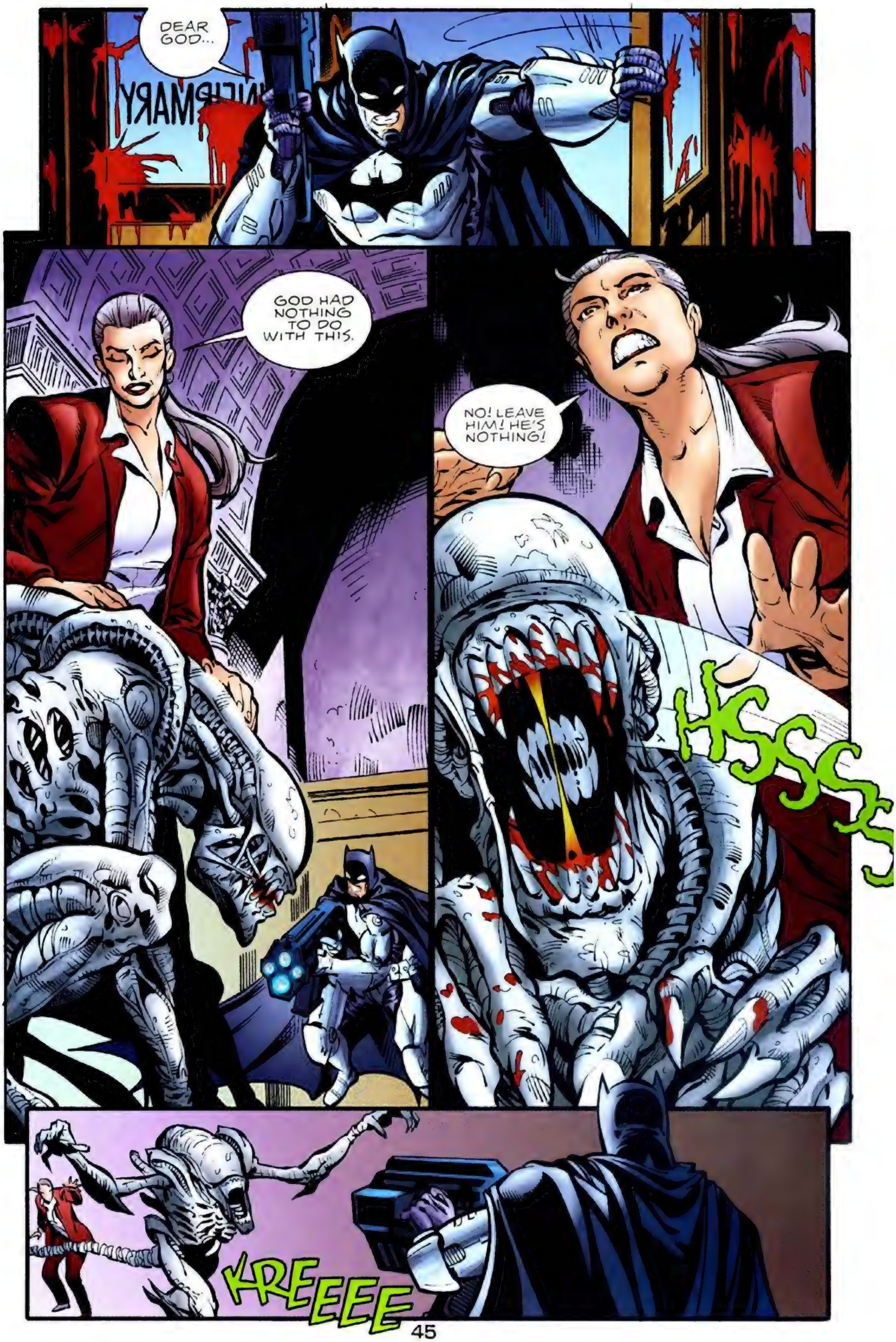

KREEE
FRSAKK

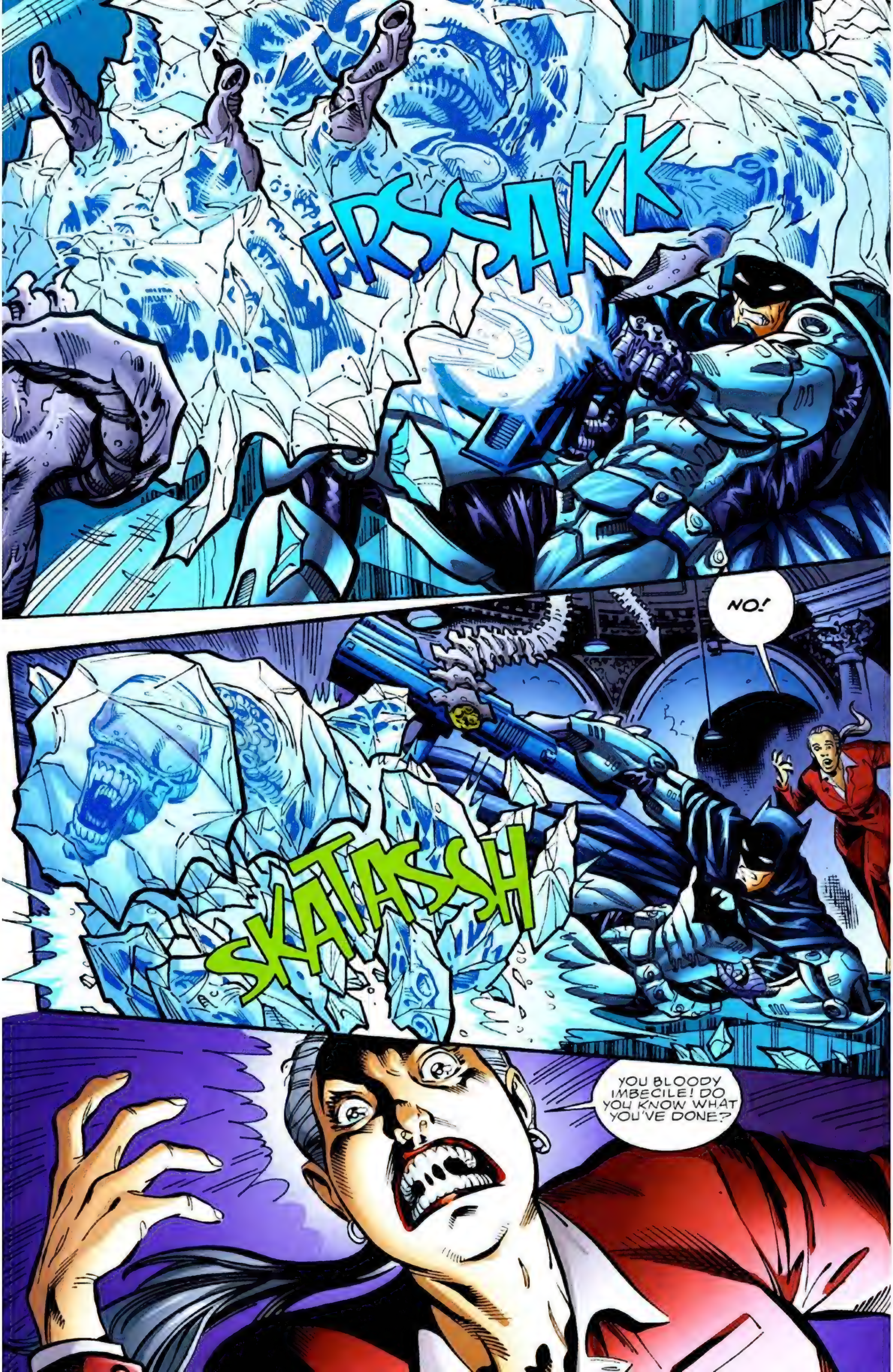

CHOOM
THAP
YOU KNOW US, WE JUST HAD TO GO FOR THE PAIR--
CHAK-CHAK
--IT WAS DOUBLE OR NOTHING.
FRSAKK
AAAH!
I TOLD YOU TO LOSE THE GUN!

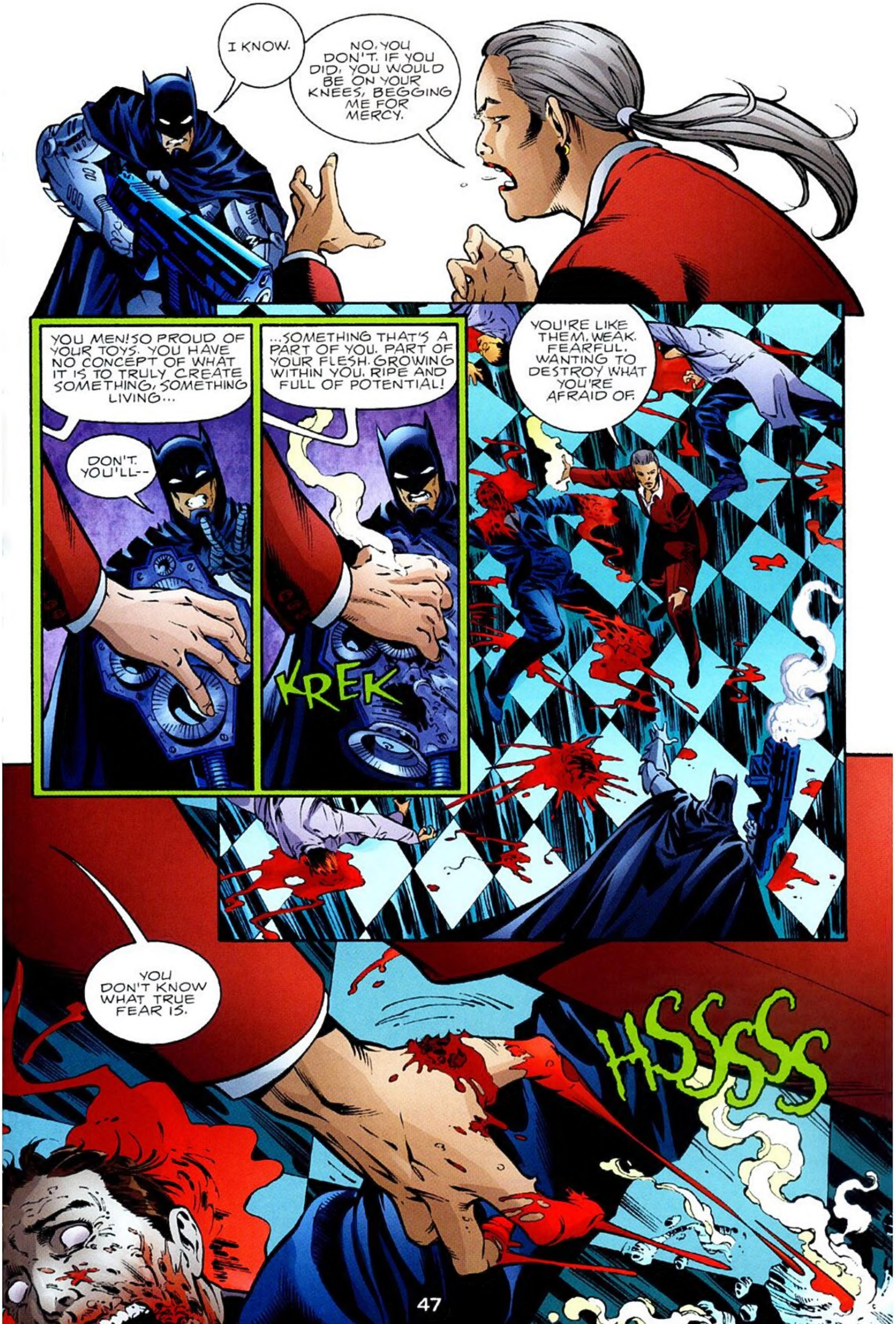

FFSSAKK
NOBODY LEAVES. EVERYONE STAYS.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THE OTHER ONE!

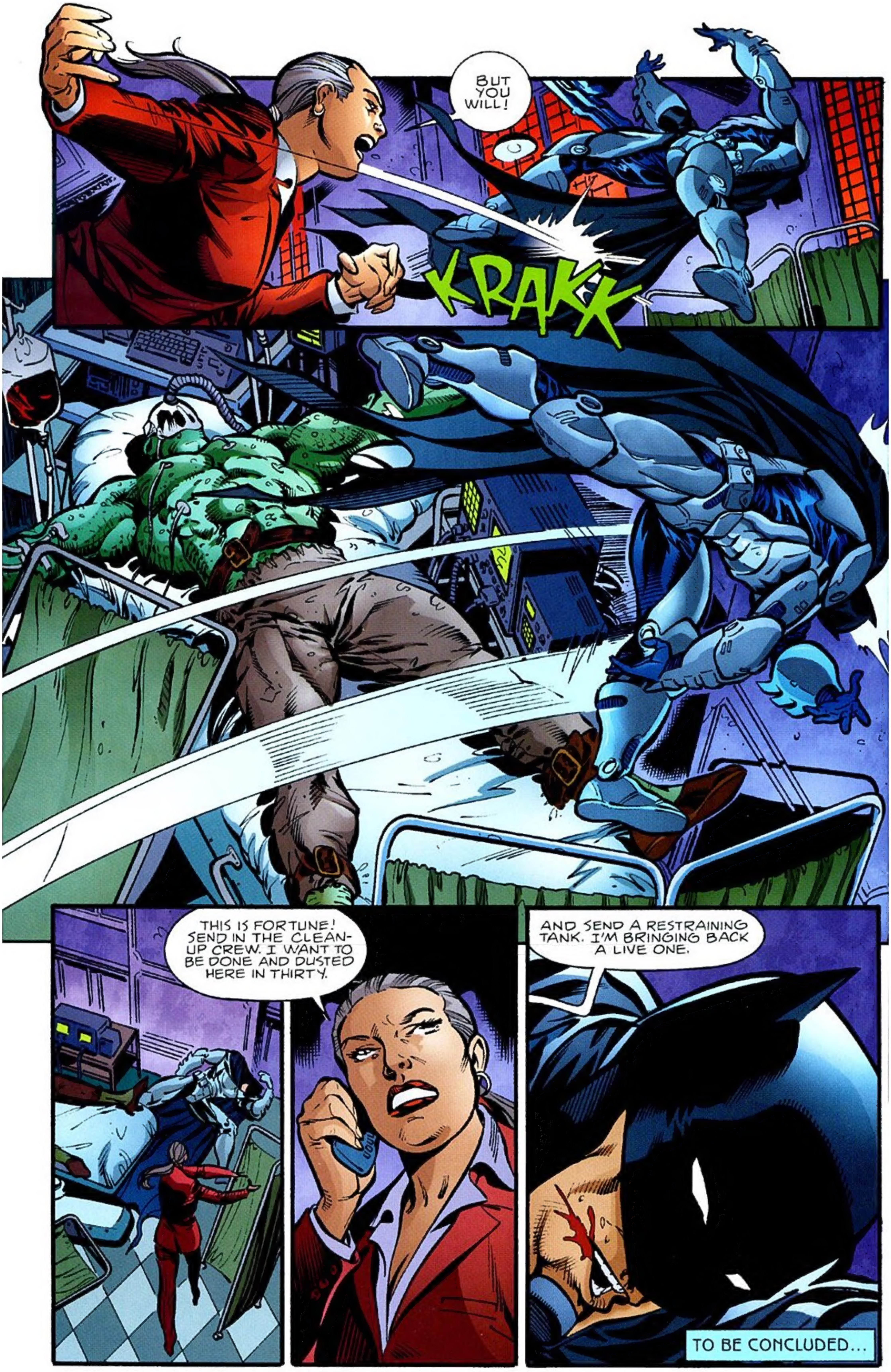

INFIRMARY
INFIRMARY
FIRE
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
SHOOT IT! SHOOT IT!
KHSSS
INFIRMARY
INFIRMARY
FIRE


TIME TO PUT AN END TO THIS.
THE KILLING.
THE BLOOD.
THE MADNESS.
SHUSH NOW...


DEAR GOD...
GOD HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.
NO! LEAVE HIM! HE'S NOTHING!
HSSSS
KREEEEE


FRSSAKK
NO!
SKATASSH
YOU BLOODY IMBECILE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?


I KNOW.
NO, YOU DON'T. IF YOU DID, YOU WOULD BE ON YOUR KNEES, BEGGING ME FOR MERCY.
YOU MEN! SO PROUD OF YOUR TOYS. YOU HAVE NO CONCEPT OF WHAT IT IS TO TRULY CREATE SOMETHING, SOMETHING LIVING...
DON'T. YOU'LL--
...SOMETHING THAT'S A PART OF YOU. PART OF YOUR FLESH. GROWING WITHIN YOU. RIPE AND FULL OF POTENTIAL!
KREK
YOU'RE LIKE THEM. WEAK. FEARFUL. WANTING TO DESTROY WHAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TRUE FEAR IS.
HSSSS


BUT YOU WILL!
KRAKK
THIS IS FORTUNE! SEND IN THE CLEAN-UP CREW. I WANT TO BE DONE AND DUSTED HERE IN THIRTY.
AND SEND A RESTRAINING TANK. I'M BRINGING BACK A LIVE ONE.
TO BE CONCLUDED...

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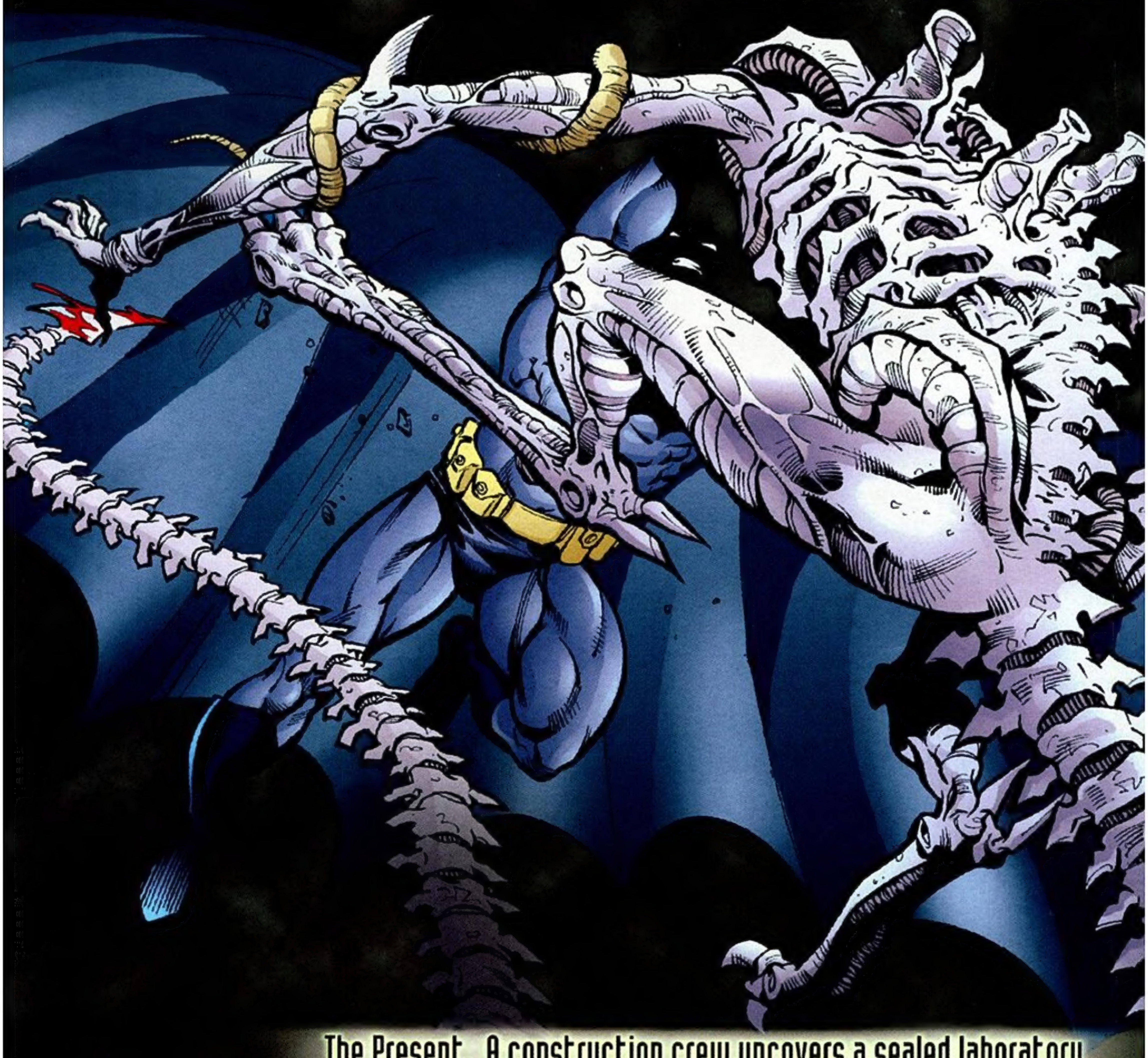
1928. An expedition into the uncharted recesses
of Antarctica reveals an ancient spacecraft
that houses a terrifying cargo . . .



The Present. A construction crew uncovers a sealed laboratory,
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Now that evil has escaped. And only one man can stop it:
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